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HARD MEN –

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and the
Flaming Stunt Man!

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VOLUME 22 NO 8

KNAVE

ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

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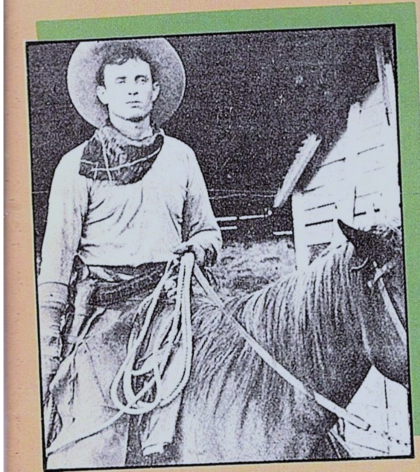

Published monthly by Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. Typeset and PRINTED IN ENGLAND. Origination by Positive Colour Ltd., Essex. Distribution by SM Distribution Ltd., London. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.75; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responable pour la Belgique: Mr. J.A. Deelen, Grand-Bru 20/Y, Durbuy, Belgique. All contributions including colour transparencies and photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Galaxy Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. © Copyright Galaxy Publications Ltd., 1990.

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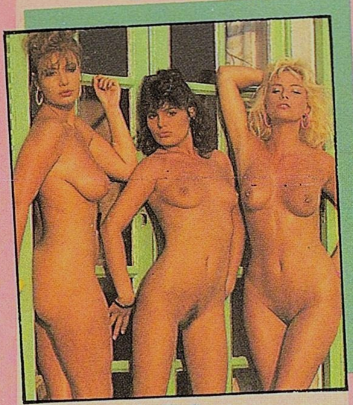

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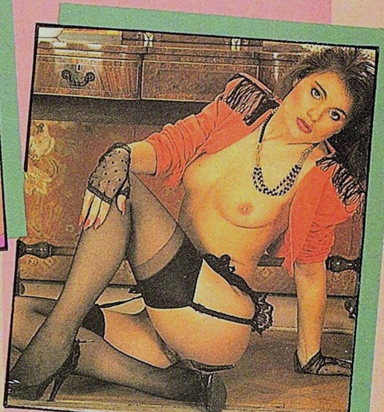

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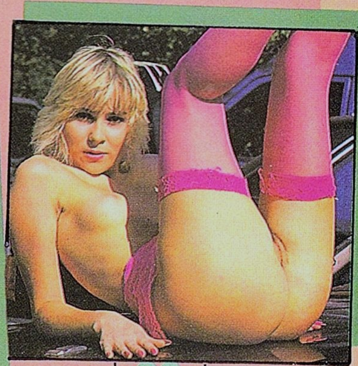

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PENPOWER

An Exhibitionist On Her Knees

My name is Kelly and I'm 24. I believe that there is a strong streak of exhibitionism in every woman. From younger women to mature old ladies – many of them like wearing revealing clothes, showing themselves to all who care to look. Some accentuate their figures in tight tops and dresses, others with vents cut in their skirts that part as they walk. And the shine of the sheer stockings that lots of women wear are enough to grab the attention of any red-blooded male. As the song goes, 'A glimpse of stocking was frowned apon as something shocking. Now heaven knows, anything goes.'

But I go a little further than that, and have done since that astonishingly hot summer of last year. Let me explain. My husband suggested that I go about without panties. I was shocked at his idea. But the more I thought about it, the more I came to like it. Besides, who was going to tell if I wore knickers or not? No one has X-ray vision!

Joe, my husband, likes to see me walking in front of him in town with no knickers. I was scared at first, but that fuelled me even more. Then I became excited and now I get a sense of sexual fulfillment as I go shopping in busy streets, naked beneath my skirt. Apart from everyday essentials like nylons and suspenders, I have nothing else on underneath. The sensation I gain, knowing that people are unaware of my nudity, is incredible. Having no material to cover and protect my crotch makes my cunt extremely sensitive, especially my labia. But I should point out that I do not go out like this way every day, as I opt to wear a G-string a couple of times a week.

I don't favour short skirts like other girls do. The skirts and dresses I like to wear end an inch or so above the knee, any more would be foolish. But I still think it is daring, and I usually have to be a bit wary. For instance, once on a blustery day when I was carrying two shopping bags, it was very hard preventing my skirt from being blown up, showing my all to every one on the packed street. The times that I am climbing the steps on to the top deck of a bus are also very thrilling. I urge every girl to try it

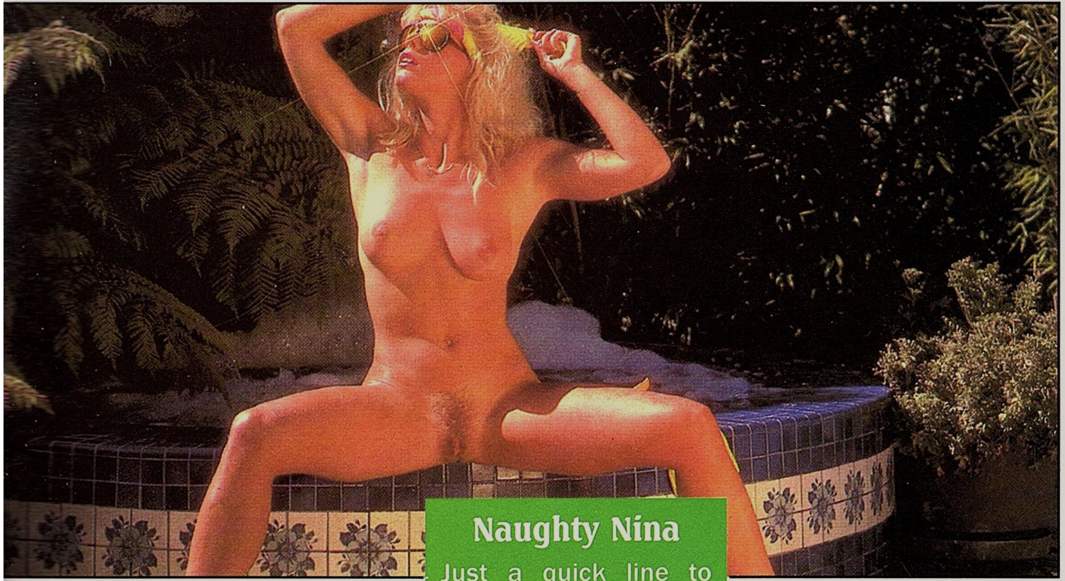
The second part of my letter is a true account of what happened last December. I work in a large office block as a part time temp. The day in question, I wore a navy blue suit, pale blue stockings and no panties. I was meant to do some temping on the 12th floor and as I was wearing high heeled shoes I took the lift rather than walking up the stairs.

I just slipped in as the doors closed. The lift man pushed a button and we started to go down. Then the elevator stopped between floors. The man said it was a power failure and I asked what we should do. "I can think of a couple of things," he grinned. At that time Joe was away on business and all I had for company was my trusty 7″ vibrator. "Why not?" I thought.

Now I've had it in some funny places, but never in an elevator and I got that quiver of excitement in my belly. I just leant back on the mirrored wall of the lift as he stepped across to me. At once his wet lips were chewing on mine, his stale breath wafted strongly over me. His hands groped and clutched at my jacket and blouse. I could tell that he wanted to do it quickly, which made me groan and moan as he thrust his warm tongue, complete with saliva, deep into my mouth. His rought hands found their way under my blouse, yanking it out of my skirt, and upwards to my breasts. He tore at my flimsy bra and I felt him pinching and pulling at my nipples until they were rock hard. All the time, he was pressing himself up against me, moving and thrusting his hips up and across my belly.

I pushed my hand down between us and felt the heavy bulge of his cock bursting at the buttons of his uniform. Even though he'd got me pushed into a corner and was rubbing his stubbly chin all over my face, scratching my skin and pawing at my tits, I managed to flick his fly buttons undone one by one. Then I felt his thick, hot cock slip out into my waiting hand. It was a lovely throbbing feeling.

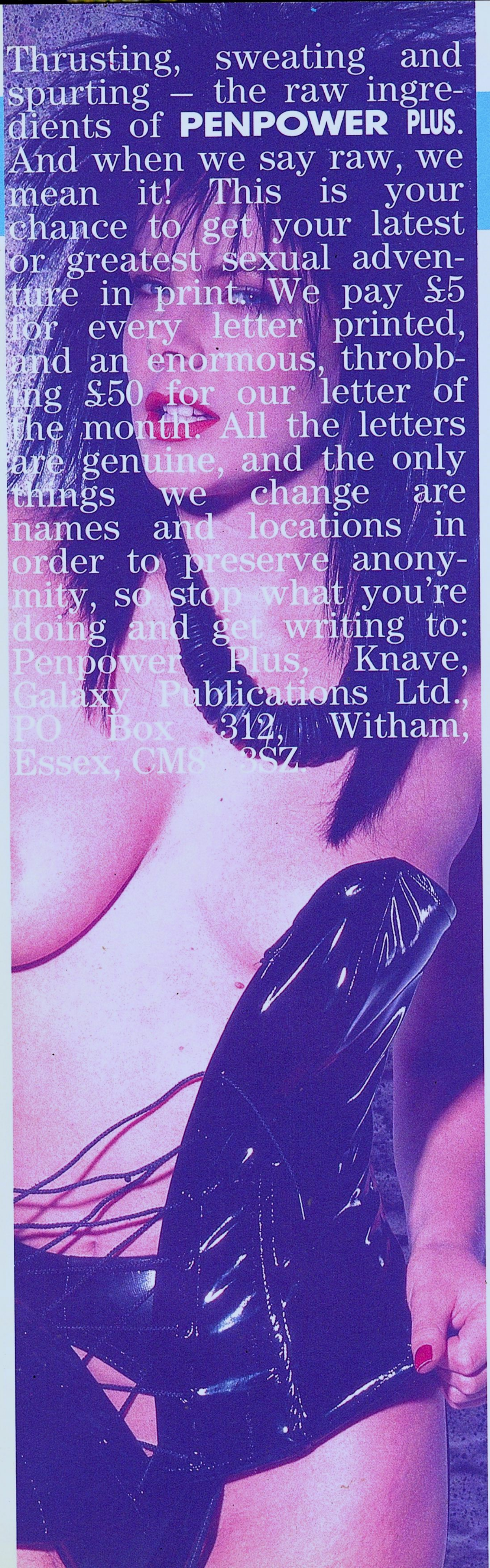
"Go down on it," he said in my ear. I didn't need telling twice. I crouched down, my skirt rucked high showing a good amount of blue stocking top, white lace suspenders and pink thigh. I quickly forgot about how far my skirt had risen and concentrated on the task in hand.



Naughty Nina

Just a quick line to thank you for the pictures of Nina in Volume 22 Number 6. As a collector of men's magazines this is just the kind of set I look forward to finding. Nice lighting, a little bit of water to moisten things up, and of course Nina herself.

Although there weren't quite as many pictures as I'd have liked, the ones that were there were great. Thanks *Knave*, you kept me very busy one weekend with those shots! — *M.D., Bournemouth.*



Thrusting, sweating and spurting – the raw ingredients of **PENPOWER PLUS**. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous, throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to: Penpower Plus, Knave, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

PLUS

The cock was pressing against my cheek. It wasn't as long as some, but it was thick and uncircumsized, the foreskin already slipping back to expose the purple knob. Mmmmmm, tasty! I felt for the root and pulled the skin tightly back. I heard him groan above me as I slowly fed the smooth, slippery globe between my wet lips. I let him push the knob to the back of my mouth, my lips parting with his width, then I let it slip a little way out. I drew it in again and ran my tongue around the rim of his knob. Oooo, lovely! I let it plop out and tongued the underside, fondling his heavy balls with my right hand.

I felt his hands pressing down on my shoulders, gripping me even harder, and I knew that he was near to shooting his load. So I slowly let him slip back into my mouth again and sucked hard. I felt with a sudden tension, the final stiffening of his cock as his come surged, filling my mouth with its salty emission. I swallowed his creamy ejaculation heartily and carried on using my eager mouth and tongue. I sucked the remains of his sperm until I was sure he was dry.

As I felt him go soft, I slumped back on my heels, skirt akimbo, showing more of my nakedness. My lipstick was in a mess and my clothes in disarray. He pushed my blouse up to my neck, tore my bra and exposed my full, ripe breasts. He stepped back and pushed his cock into his pants and buttoned up.

"Pull yourself together," he growled and the lift began to ascend again. The episode took less than five mintues and as I staggered out into a deserted foyer, I tried desperately to straighten myself up.

JOKER

Noticing that her boss's flies were undone, the embarrassed secretary told him, "Your garage door is open."

The bewildered man didn't know what she meant until another colleague pointed out what she was referrring to.

Later on the boss called his secretary aside and asked, "This morning when you told me my garage door was open, did you see a long red Rolls Royce inside?"

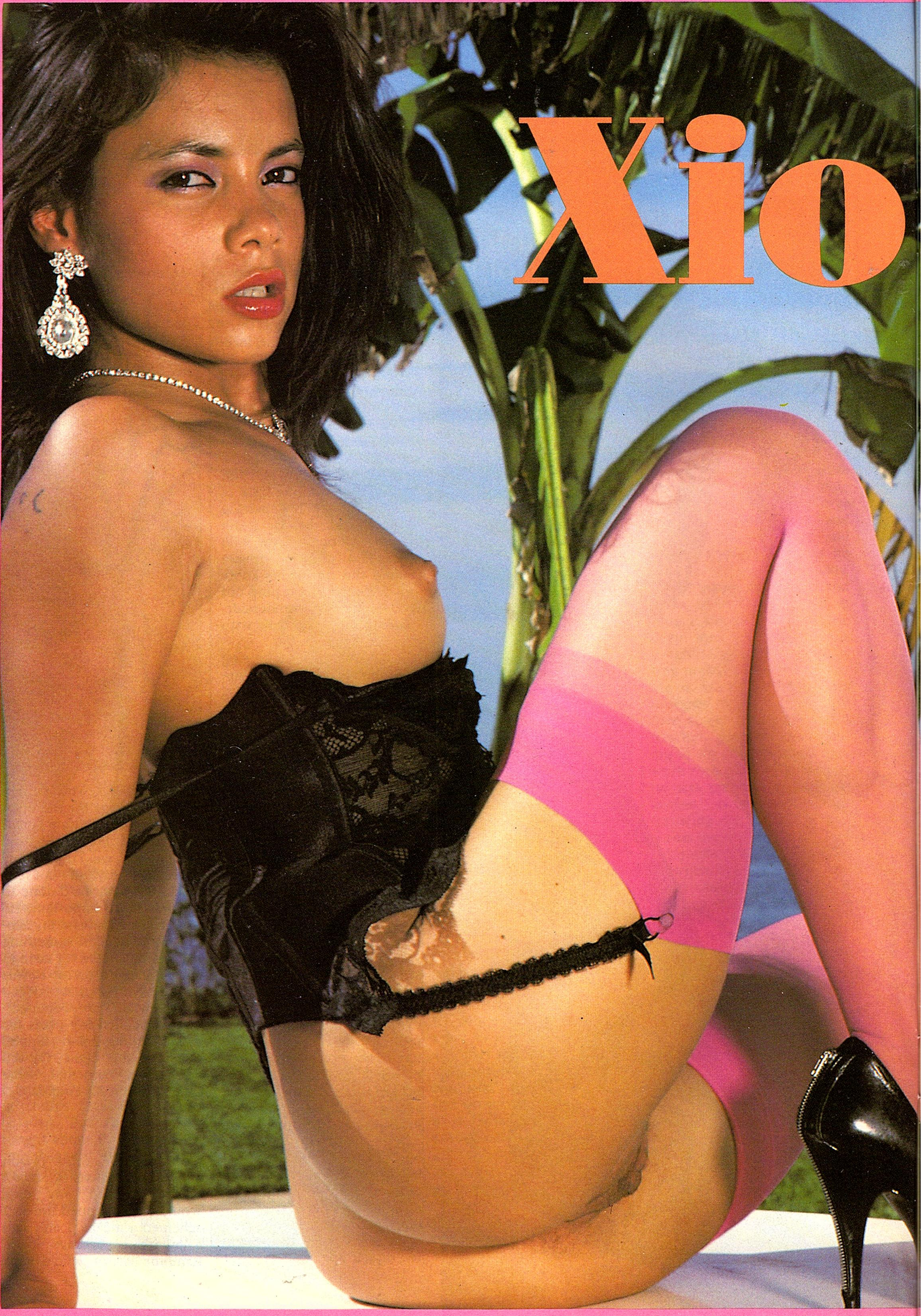
"No," replied the secretary, "all I saw was a beaten up old V.W. with two flat tyres at the front!"

I looked back. The lift man was leaning against the open door. He was a skinny guy in his late fifties, tired and needing a shave. I'd probably made his day, if not his week. But what he'd done to me was more important. He had aroused me, and my aching pussy needed something hard in it. The sweet taste of spunk lingered on my tonsils for the rest of that day, no matter what I ate. I immediately cancelled my plans for a quiet evening and stepped out into the night. I'll tell you what happened some other time. – *K., Rochdale.*

Conjugal Crumpet

Occasionally, the prison allows conjugal visits. Since I wasn't married, my dick wouldn't get dipped unless I schemed a means. I only had a month to arrange for a feminine visitor who'd suck

▷ 14



Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

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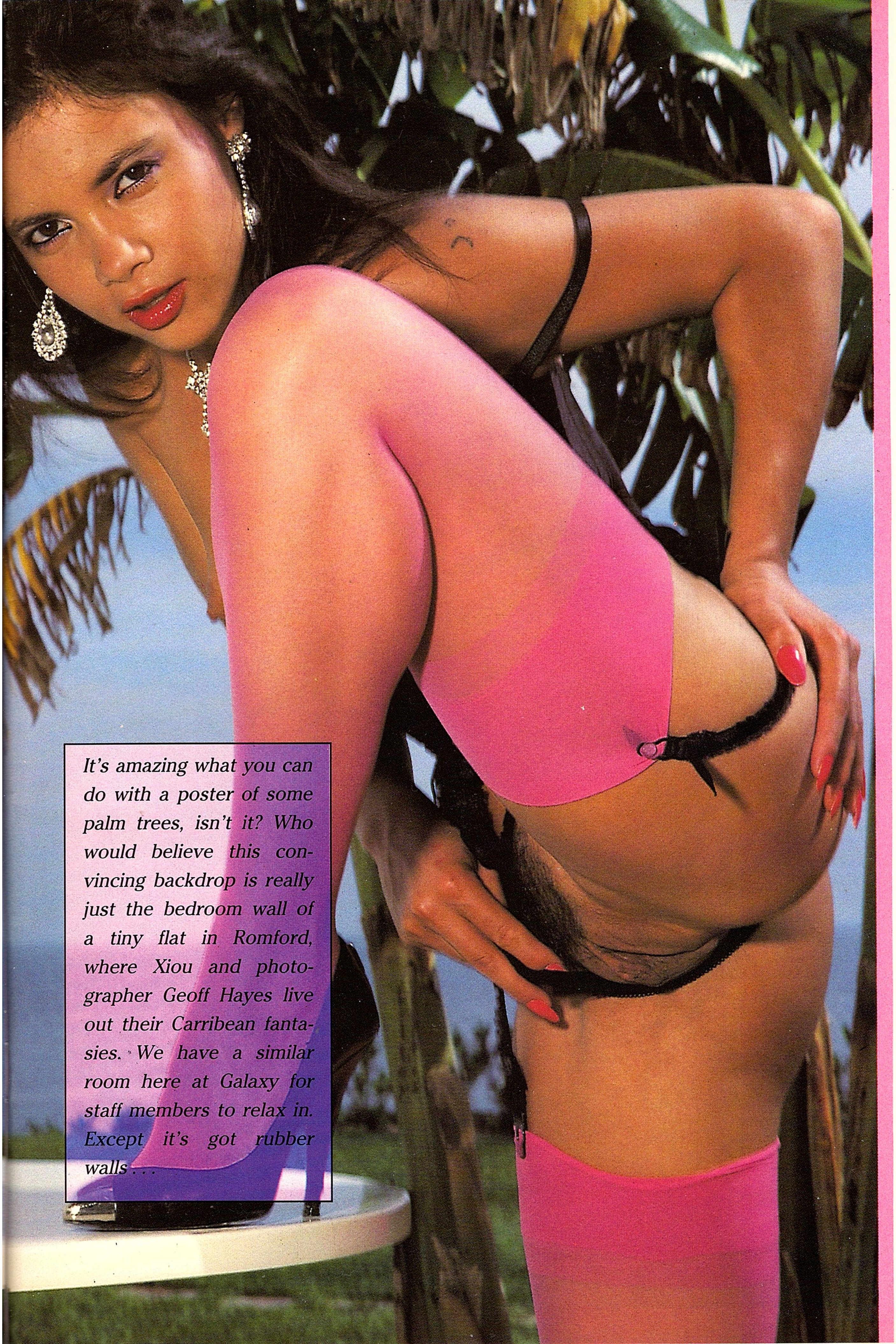
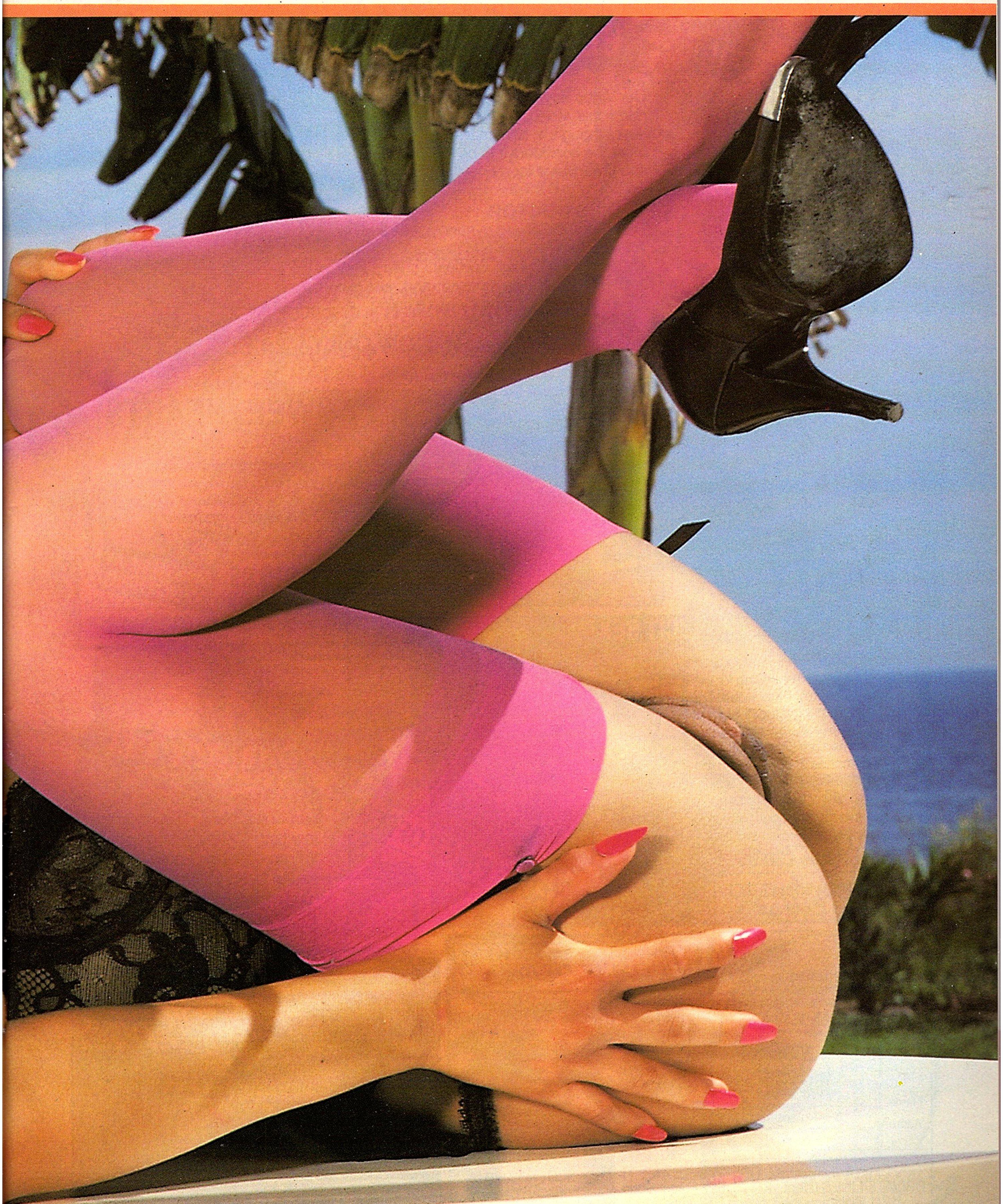
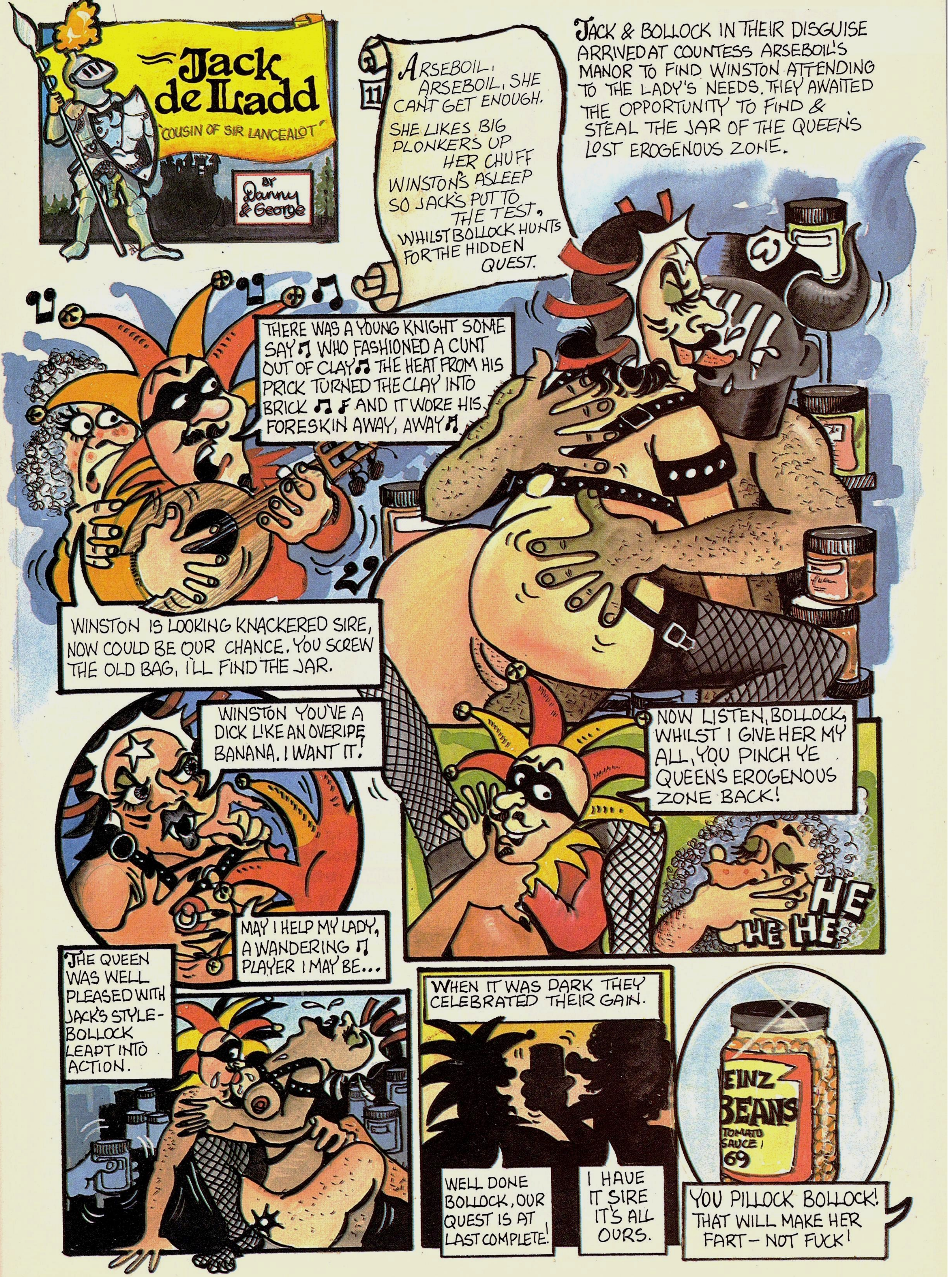


It's amazing what you can do with a poster of some palm trees, isn't it? Who would believe this convincing backdrop is really just the bedroom wall of a tiny flat in Romford, where Xiou and photographer Geoff Hayes live out their Carribean fantasies. We have a similar room here at Galaxy for staff members to relax in. Except it's got rubber walls . . .




Jack de Ladd
"COUSIN OF SIR LANCEALOT"
BY Danny & George
11
ARSEBOIL, ARSEBOIL, SHE CAN'T GET ENOUGH. SHE LIKES BIG PLONKERS UP HER CHUFF WINSTON'S ASLEEP SO JACK'S PUT TO THE TEST, WHILST BOLLOCK HUNTS FOR THE HIDDEN QUEST.
JACK & BOLLOCK IN THEIR DISGUISE ARRIVED AT COUNTESS ARSEBOIL'S MANOR TO FIND WINSTON ATTENDING TO THE LADY'S NEEDS. THEY AWAITED THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND & STEAL THE JAR OF THE QUEEN'S LOST EROGENOUS ZONE.
THERE WAS A YOUNG KNIGHT SOME SAY ♫ WHO FASHIONED A CUNT OUT OF CLAY ♫ THE HEAT FROM HIS PRICK TURNED THE CLAY INTO BRICK ♫ AND IT WORE HIS FORESKIN AWAY, AWAY ♫
WINSTON IS LOOKING KNACKERED SIRE, NOW COULD BE OUR CHANCE. YOU SCREW THE OLD BAG, I'LL FIND THE JAR.
WINSTON YOU'VE A DICK LIKE AN OVERIPE BANANA. I WANT IT!
NOW LISTEN, BOLLOCK, WHILST I GIVE HER MY ALL, YOU PINCH YE QUEEN'S EROGENOUS ZONE BACK!
HE HE HE
MAY I HELP MY LADY, A WANDERING ♫ PLAYER I MAY BE...
THE QUEEN WAS WELL PLEASED WITH JACK'S STYLE - BOLLOCK LEAPT INTO ACTION.
WHEN IT WAS DARK THEY CELEBRATED THEIR GAIN.
WELL DONE BOLLOCK, OUR QUEST IS AT LAST COMPLETE!
I HAVE IT SIRE IT'S ALL OURS.
EINZ BEANS TOMATO SAUCE 69
YOU PILLOCK BOLLOCK! THAT WILL MAKE HER FART - NOT FUCK!

PENPOWER PLUS

◁ 5

and fuck my cock. So, I wrote letters to several friends on the outside who I thought would find me a surrogate wife. Ideally, I'd hire a hooker who'd pose as my wife. She'd receive partial payment through the mail. Then, I'd pay the balance when she arrived, in postage stamps.

JOKER

Very early in their marriage, the young wife said to her husband as she was fondling his dick, "Darling?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Darling, didn't you say you were the only man to have one of these?"

"Yes dear."

"Well," replied the girl, "Your brother's got one of those too."

"Ah," replied the man thinking quickly, "that's because I had a spare one and gave it away."

"Well," replied the girl, "don't you think it was a bit silly to give the biggest one away?"

It required two weeks to discover a hooker who'd enter the prison on my terms. Also, she needed to fit my erotic taste. The photo which I received from her was a bare-breast image. On the back of the photo she wrote, "You'll get the rest later." In the prison print shop, I made an ID card, which I enclosed with a partial payment. My penis needed Dannielle, so my scheme had to work.

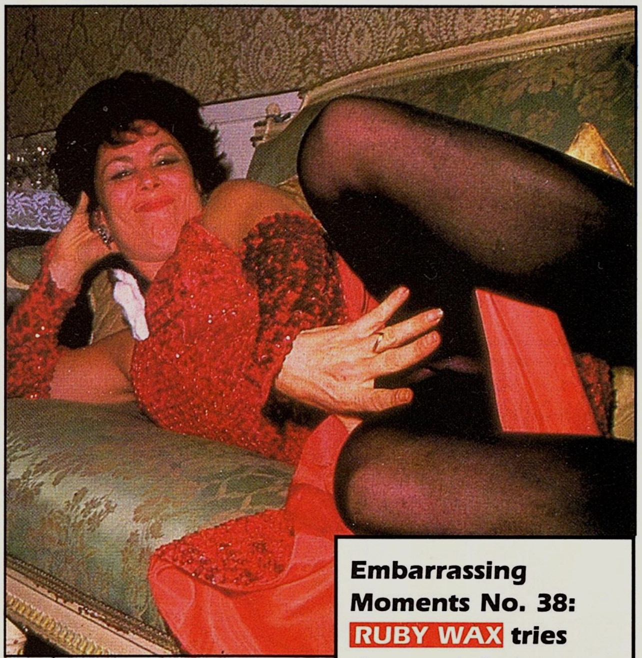
Nightly, I'd lie on my bunk imagining how it would feel to fuck a girl after five years. Dannielle's photo induced dozens of orgasms. My erotic fantasies prepared me for her conjugal visit.

Finally, visiting day arrived for married couples to fuck.

One of the officers questioned my marital status. I explained that we had been separated for several years after my incarceration, but were now back together. I showed him Dannielle's photo, and he forgot about marital status. My body was perspiring and tense.

The institution consigned one tier of forty cells to the inmates with wifely visitors. When my name was called, I was sure of my scheme's success. Dannielle played the role of a welcome wife. She embraced me eagerly. Verbally, she declared her love. Then, we rushed to our assigned cell. Dannielle was really sexy.

KNIGHT LIFE



Embarrassing Moments No. 38: RUBY WAX tries desperately to cover up an attack of flatulence.

Politely, Dannielle requested her remaining payment of stamps. I was so excited that I didn't know what to do or say. Dannielle had the situation under control, though. She gestured for me to watch her disrobe. Dannielle's striptease swelled my lonesome dick. While Dannielle stood facing away from me, I fondled her buttocks. It was good to feel the flesh of a woman again. I massaged her shapely legs, and kissed them leisurely. Then, Dannielle sat next to me, encouraging me to caress her ample breasts. I mouthed her nippled-breasts and sucked like an infant.

My former nervousness diminished. I recalled what foreplay, and fucking were about. Dannielle reclined on the bunk. Drawing her knees back to her shoulders, Dannielle displayed her pussy to me. Dannielle's thighs opened wide, her labia begged for my tongue. Pressing my entire face against her crotch, I sucked, licked, lapped, and smothered my face with her cunt. The taste was delicious.

Eager to impale her pussy with my penis, I positioned myself in front of her lusty hole. Finally, after five years, my lonely prick plunged into a receptive vagina. I memorized the feeling as each inch of my cock's neck sank into Dannielle's cunt.

"What's a guy with a dick like yours doing in prison?" sighed Dannielle, as she urged me to pump her panting pussy hard. "I came here to get fucked by a convict, so fuck me like you're desperate," she added.

I'd never felt my prick so stiff. As I thrust repeatedly into Dannielle's cunt, I could hear other couples banging against the walls in lust. Bracing my grip on the back of Dannielle's knees, I fucked her like a jackhammer.

When I paused from fucking exhaustion, Dannielle said, "Do you want to give me love bites while you fuck me on my knees?" Dannielle felt sorry for guys in prison, so she yearned to do things for me, sexually.

Dannielle turned over onto her knees and elbows. Her ample ass stuck out beautifully. Then, with my cock oozing semen, I entered her cunt. I rode her in ecstasy. Dannielle shuddered in orgasm. After more than one hundred deep strokes into her hot vagina, my cock ejaculated an ounce of sperm. My orgasmic afterglow was better than I'd imagined.

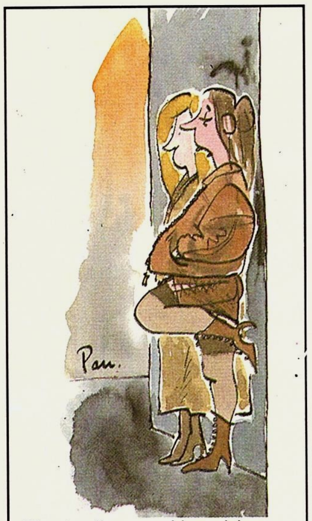
We relaxed and listened to the other inmates fucking their horny wives. Dannielle surprised me with a request to return. I reluctantly commented that I couldn't afford it. Then, Dannielle proposed that she'd return freely. I was delighted.

Subsequently, we corresponded, and she sent photos for my cell. Now, Dannielle arrives for conjugal visits. When I'm released next year, Dannielle and I will be married. – *R.K., Westover.*

Sexy Seductions

I first began to notice Sarah when we were both eighteen and in the same class at college. She was clever and hardworking – qualities that endeared her to the teachers if not to all her college mates. She was also physically under-developed for whilst most of the other girls were sporting well nurtured bosoms, Sarah's profile described a straight line from her neck to her thighs.

But in spite of her physical short comings, Sarah was arousing strong sexual desires in me. Her pretty face and good legs attracted me, and counted for more than a pair of prominent tits. I spent hours when I should have been working, trying to catch her eye across the room, and



"Basically speaking; I know him like the palm of my hand!"

when she responded favourably, as she often did, she set my heart pounding. I began to visualise myself taking her clothes off, feeling her fanny, and taking her to bed. For many years my unrequited fantasies sustained me.

A college dance was always held at Christmas, and attendance was almost obligatory. It was ballroom dancing that the college went in for at that time of the year and I was no good at it, but I went along out of fear of criticism if I didn't. My hope was that Sarah would be there, alone, and she was. I saw her sitting at the far side of the room. I nodded to her; she acknowledged me and then came over. "I can't dance either," she said, "but let's have a try."

She was, in fact, quite a good dancer, and in no time she had me doing a few basic steps. Her slim, lithe body seemed to melt into me, and accommodate every clumsy move I made. One dance followed another, and she expressed no desire to go and find another partner. For me the evening ended far too soon, but before it did I asked her if she would like to come out with me sometime. She said that she would love to.

The mid-winter weather did not permit many forms of fresh air entertainment, and so we sought our enjoyment indoors, and that meant the cinema. On our first date I was nervous, excited and elated all at once. On the other hand Sarah seemed very relaxed. "Why don't you put your arm round me?" she asked after a while, and then she took it and placed it behind her shoulders. "That's better – that's much more comfortable, isn't it?" She raised her face to be kissed, and so I kissed her, and kissed her again and again for as long as the film lasted.

At college next day my mates sensed that there was something between us, and began to put two and two together. What were we getting up to, they wanted to know. Neither Sarah nor I said anything.

With the arrival of lighter evenings and better weather we spent more time out of doors. One evening we took a bus out of town and went for a walk in the country. We entered a small wood and sat down under the trees. We were soon kissing and I was squeezing her exposed breasts and rolling her rose coloured nipples in my fingers. As had happened a number of times recently, my penis grew too large to fit comfortably inside my pants, and I paused to ease it.

"Phew!" she exclaimed, rising for breath, "I bet you've done that to quite a few girls." I told her I hadn't, and that she was my first and only.

Her crumpled skirt had ridden high on her thighs and her knickers were in view. They were a pinkish pair, with frills around the leg holes, and they cleverly hid the part of her I was dying to see. She saw me staring at them, and correctly read my thoughts. "Just a peep, then," she said.

My fingers trembled and my heart pounded as I drew the silky material aside, and then in the few seconds she allowed me I took in all I could – the triangle of blonde hair, soft and fleecy against my hand, and the groove disappearing down between her closed legs. She took my hand away and pulled me down onto her again. "You know I love you, don't you? – I wouldn't let you do this if I didn't. You don't think I'm common do you?" "Of course not," I replied. With that she clutched at me and kissed me passionately.

My hand began to wander again, and it returned to her pussy. "Open your legs a bit Sarah," I said, and she did, and I was rewarded with the feel of her warm, wet flesh. Highly aroused myself now, I began to work my cock against the firm front of her thigh.

She closed her eyes and panted. Then she trembled and jerked before lying back, stretching her legs, and relaxing. "It was lovely," she sighed, "you've no idea what it did to me." I think I had some idea because I had already experienced my own orgasmic sensations. I had ejaculated in my trousers.

Paint Me Down

What was the idea of covering that lovely bird in all that muck in your latest issue (Vol. 22 No. 6). What a bloody waste! You probably spent a fortune doing it, paying some make up person to slave over it. You could have phoned me up reverse charges and sent Caramel, or whatever her name was up on the train and I'd've given her a couple of coats of my own special emulsion for free! — *Andy, Nottingham.*

No need, mate, there are plenty of volunteers here who specialise in spraying . . . Dep Ed.

We made ourselves presentable and set off for home. It hadn't been a bad evening's work, I thought, and I had reason to be pleased with what I had achieved. Sarah was in a particularly close and loving mood as we strolled, arms round each other, across the deserted fields and back to the bus.

"I thought . . ." she said, "in the wood . . . that you'd have wanted to go all the way with me."

"I wouldn't have dared. And in any case you know you wouldn't have let me," I replied. "I might, if you'd use a contraceptive. Can you get one?"

I did not know how to reply to that, and I said nothing.

"Well?"

"I suppose so, if you really mean it. But you're joking, aren't you?"

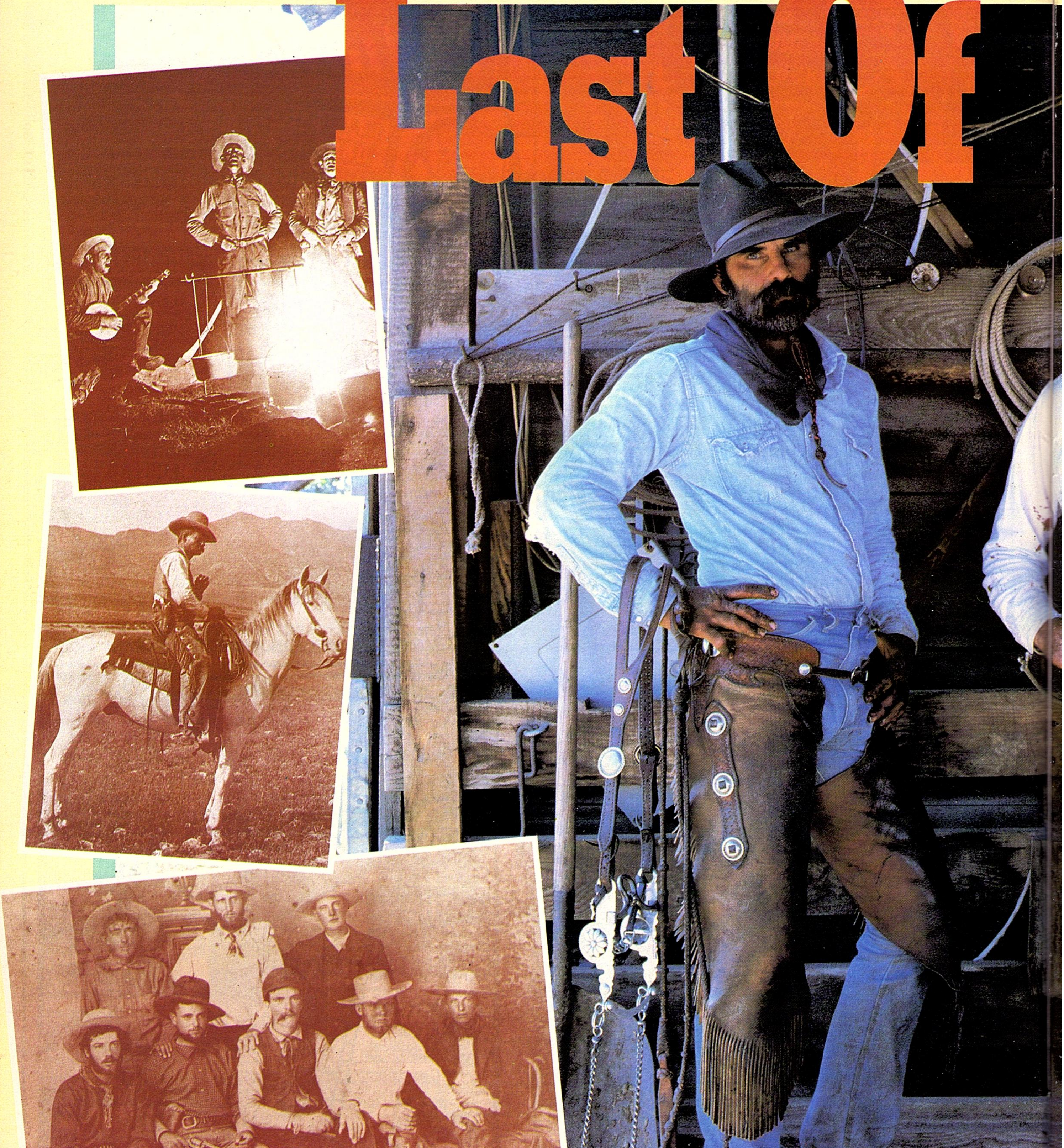
▷51

Pascale

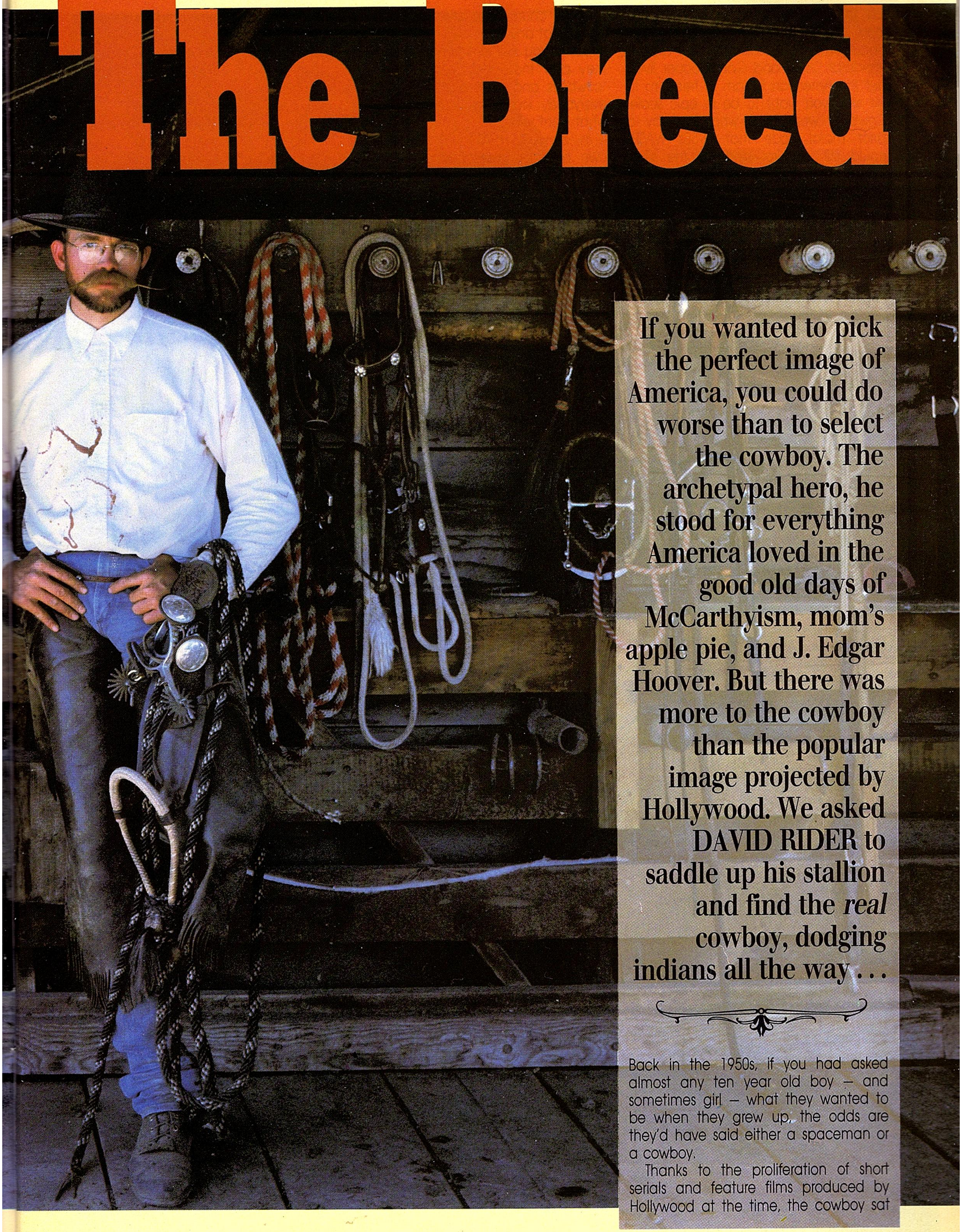
I never used to approve of string vests and so on, but when I saw these shots of Pascale wearing a nifty little white fishing net affair, I had to go off and have a re-think. Ah, the world of macrame is a strange and mysterious one. The only question I have is, why is it that no matter where you go on holiday, you always see some hugely fat man wearing an airtex t-shirt, and never someone like Pascale dressed like this? Just one of those great unanswered questions, like who writes this shit . . .

Photographed by JOHN GRAHAM

Last Of



The Breed



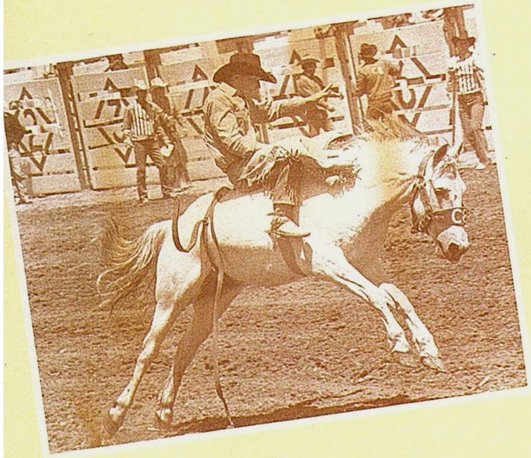
If you wanted to pick the perfect image of America, you could do worse than to select the cowboy. The archetypal hero, he stood for everything America loved in the good old days of McCarthyism, mom's apple pie, and J. Edgar Hoover. But there was more to the cowboy than the popular image projected by Hollywood. We asked DAVID RIDER to saddle up his stallion and find the *real* cowboy, dodging indians all the way . . .

Back in the 1950s, if you had asked almost any ten year old boy – and sometimes girl – what they wanted to be when they grew up, the odds are they'd have said either a spaceman or a cowboy.

Thanks to the proliferation of short serials and feature films produced by Hollywood at the time, the cowboy sat

Last Of The Breed

tall in the saddle as America's No.1 icon. Personifying all that was good about America, actors like John Wayne, Randolph Scott and Gary Cooper lived out the American Dream of freedom to be who you want to be in epic scale. Cowboys were men who lived by a strict moral code that 1950s WASPs could still admire, and on the silver screen they lived in an era where life was hard and justice, the law and not cussing in front of ladies meant everything. The Hollywood cowboy became the ultimate role model for an America which felt the chill of the Cold War, where the Russians could be seen as hostile indians, and the president could give the country the order to circle the wagons at any time.

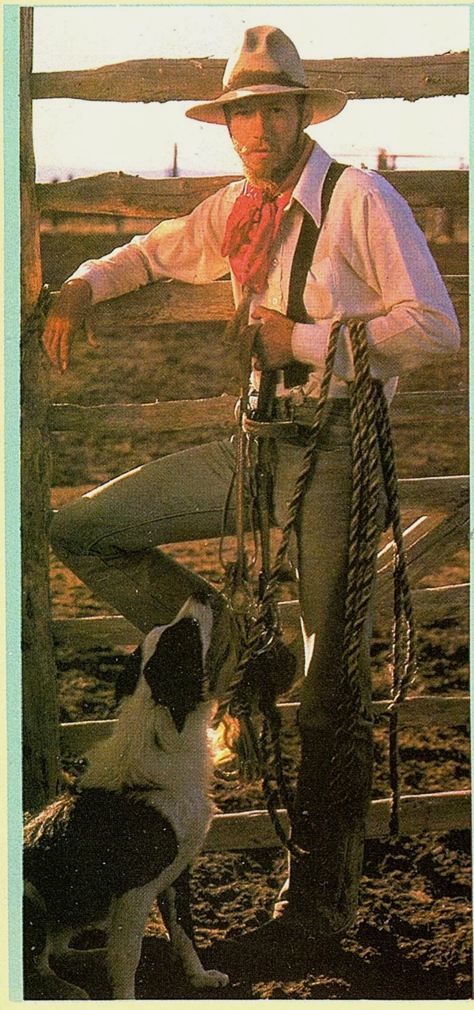


But if you ask children what games they play these days, you won't hear 'cowboys and indians' too often. Now everybody wants to be Batman — so what went wrong?

In a way, Hollywood destroyed its own hero by overexposing him at a time when the movie-going public were hungry for films about Martians. The cowboy became unfashionable. His 'Man's gotta do what a man's gotta do' ideal of Americans as the world's police force replaced by a ray-gun.

Even at the height of his popularity, however, the big screen cowboy was a misrepresentation of the real Westerner. The word cowboy itself had become corrupted until it meant anyone who wore a hat, boots and talked to horses. There was little differentiation made between the actual characters of the American West circa 1865 onwards.

Whilst actors like John Wayne and his cohorts became hugely popular thanks to their Westerns (and rightly so), Hollywood paid scant attention to the real job of a cowboy. Taken as a whole, the life was simply not glamorous enough for Hollywood. There were of course exceptions, but in general, a sheriff facing down a bank robber was likely to get more 'bums on seats' than footage of a man dragging a steer out of a bog on the end of his lariat.



Instead of being a swaggering, gun-toting hard-man who spent all night in the saloon drinking and shooting the bar's other patrons before popping back to bed and sleeping all day, the cowboy led a harsh existence.

> "The word cowboy had become corrupted until it meant anyone that wore a hat, boots and talked to horses."

Born from the economic turmoil following the War Between The States (1860-1865), the heyday of the cowboy lasted only a few short years. The five year war had severely sapped the human and economic resources of both sides, and returning to the South, the Confederate army found a land ravaged by poverty, the carpetbagger thieves and Union guerrilla forces.

For its part, the industrial North was in dire need of meat, and looked towards the defeated South and its beef. During the war, with all its young men off fighting for the Cause, there was no-one to keep the herds of cattle in check, and the small numbers of longhorn cattle in Texas had reverted to their wild state, headed for the brush and flourished. In 1860, shortly before the war, the total number of longhorn cattle in Texas had stood at 3.5 million, now, returning ranchers were amazed to find a population of 5 million longhorns.

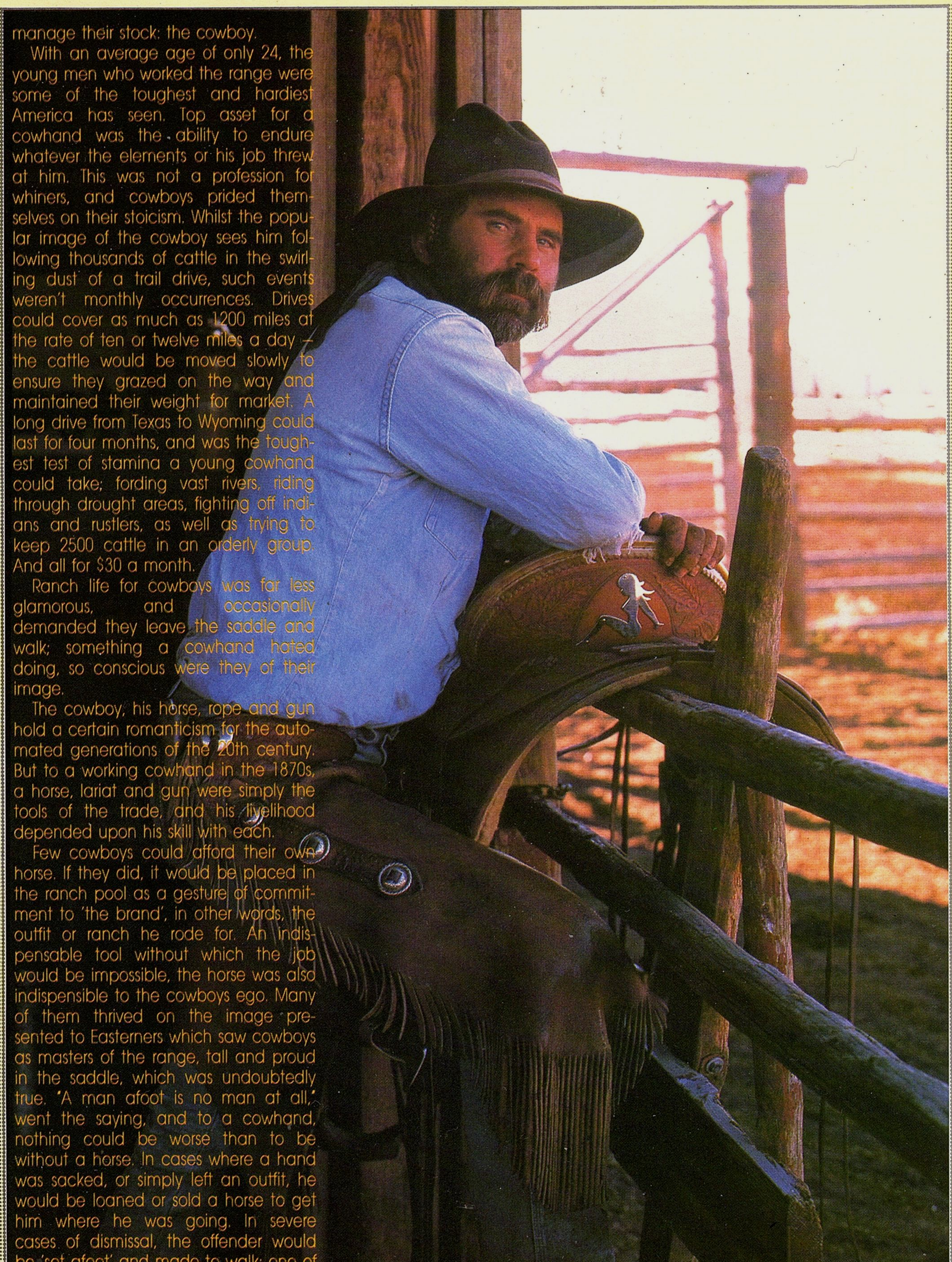
With a glut of beef and little money in the South, and the reverse happening in the North, ranchers agreed to sell to their old enemies. Before the war, the beef itself had been a by-product of cattle, which had originally been kept for their hide, which was used for leather, and tallow, used in soap and candles. The only hurdle for ranchers then became the distance from Texas cattle country to the nearest railheads in states like Kansas. This strange situation of enemies becoming trading partners saw the birth of three things: the cattle baron, the trail drive, and the cowboy.

The cattle baron was the original American entrepreneur. Often, they began life as cowhands themselves, then gradually they built up herds of their own — either through legitemate purchasing, or the branding of stray or 'maverick' cattle — found areas of grass and claimed the all-important water rights to them. From that point, they sought financial backing (quite often using European money) and increased their beef herds to gigantic proportions.

One such baron was Charles Goodnight. Born in 1836 in Illinois, his family moved to the Brazos River in Texas and Goodnight quickly became fascinated by the longhorn cattle which roamed wild in the area.

Beginning as a cowhand, Goodnight and his step-brother put together a herd of their own, and by the Spring of 1865 had some 8000 head. In 1866, Goodnight, along with another pioneer called Oliver Loving decided to undertake a major trail drive. Instead of following the famous Chisholm Trail from Texas to the railheads in Kansas, the pair drove 2000 longhorns all the way to Colorado, where they sold them and made a fortune. From then on, the name Goodnight and the Goodnight-Loving trail he drove became legendary in the West.

It was the cattle barons who shaped the economy of the West, and many of them amassed vast tracts of land upon which they grazed their equally huge herds. But they needed manpower to



manage their stock: the cowboy.

With an average age of only 24, the young men who worked the range were some of the toughest and hardiest America has seen. Top asset for a cowhand was the ability to endure whatever the elements or his job threw at him. This was not a profession for whiners, and cowboys prided themselves on their stoicism. Whilst the popular image of the cowboy sees him following thousands of cattle in the swirling dust of a trail drive, such events weren't monthly occurrences. Drives could cover as much as 1200 miles at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day – the cattle would be moved slowly to ensure they grazed on the way and maintained their weight for market. A long drive from Texas to Wyoming could last for four months, and was the toughest test of stamina a young cowhand could take; fording vast rivers, riding through drought areas, fighting off indians and rustlers, as well as trying to keep 2500 cattle in an orderly group. And all for $30 a month.

Ranch life for cowboys was far less glamorous, and occasionally demanded they leave the saddle and walk; something a cowhand hated doing, so conscious were they of their image.

The cowboy, his horse, rope and gun hold a certain romanticism for the automated generations of the 20th century. But to a working cowhand in the 1870s, a horse, lariat and gun were simply the tools of the trade, and his livelihood depended upon his skill with each.

Few cowboys could afford their own horse. If they did, it would be placed in the ranch pool as a gesture of commitment to 'the brand', in other words, the outfit or ranch he rode for. An indispensable tool without which the job would be impossible, the horse was also indispensible to the cowboys ego. Many of them thrived on the image presented to Easterners which saw cowboys as masters of the range, tall and proud in the saddle, which was undoubtedly true. "A man afoot is no man at all," went the saying, and to a cowhand, nothing could be worse than to be without a horse. In cases where a hand was sacked, or simply left an outfit, he would be loaned or sold a horse to get him where he was going. In severe cases of dismissal, the offender would be 'set afoot' and made to walk; one of the greatest disgraces he could suffer.

were essential pieces of equipment for the cowpoke. Originally developed by the Spanish/Mexican cowboys, or vaqueros, the lariat was a length of

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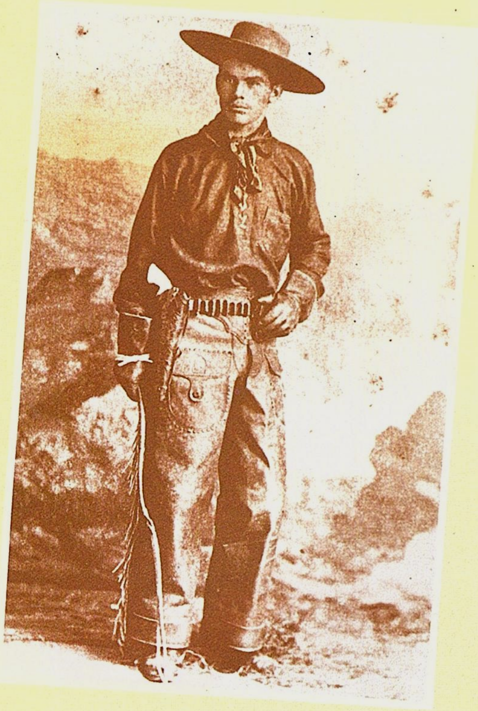
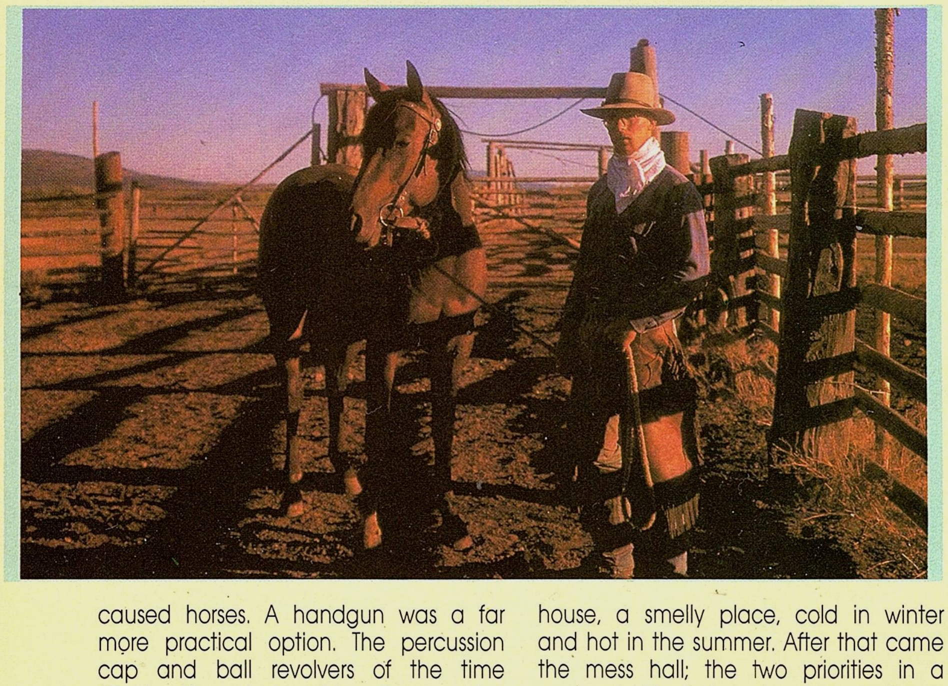
braided rawhide with a vast number of potential uses. Roping cattle on the run, snaring horses, forming temporary corrals, dragging firewood – all these were jobs for the multi-purpose lariat.

The gun, however, was far less adaptable. Whilst rifles and shotguns were useful for hunting, they were too unwieldy to be carried on horseback. Even rifle scabbards were disliked, thanks to the chafing and sores they caused horses. A handgun was a far more practical option. The percussion cap and ball revolvers of the time (Colt's .45 cartridge firing Peacemaker didn't appear until 1873) may have had a limited effective range, but with the common calibres being .44 and .45, they left a big hole!





Although gunfights weren't as common as Hollywood would like us to believe, the West was a violent place. And, whilst the revolver was a useful accessory for a hand when it came to protecting livestock and life from human and animal interference, there were still those who believed that a gentleman had the right to defend his honour by the gun.

If the people who lived in the West were dangerous, by far the greatest threat to a cowhand's life were the elements. The land may have looked bountiful to ranchers, but a winter's night in Montana could see the temperature drop to -50 degrees! In Arizona, on the other hand, a cowboy had the promise of a temperature of 110 degrees in the desert come noon. The 'Blue Norther' winds that ripped across Texas from the Hudson Bay could be equally deadly, dropping the temperature by 50 degrees in one day. It's not surprising then, that whilst riding accidents were the top cause of death for cowhands, pneumonia caused by exposure to the elements came a close second.

> "With ranches set in the middle of nowhere, miles from the nearest town, saloons were reserved for dreamers."

Centre of ranch life was the bunk house, a smelly place, cold in winter and hot in the summer. After that came the mess hall; the two priorities in a cowboy's life being sleeping and eating. With ranches set in the middle of nowhere, miles from the nearest town, saloons were reserved for dreams.

Naturally enough, the work revolved around the needs of the cattle, and varied from the huge pre-trail drive round-ups to moving cattle onto fresh pastures, keeping an eye out for disease, range fires and rustlers, and maintaining wells and the dreaded fences.

If duties on the ranch had been taken care of, a cowhand could find himself sent out to ride the line; basically, a tour of the property boundary, where the cowboy would carry out tasks similar to those done on the ranch. This was the loneliest job of them all, with only crude shacks or dug-outs to give the hand shelter at night. And in a profession where shetler and warmth could mean the difference between life and death, this was not a task cowboys relished.

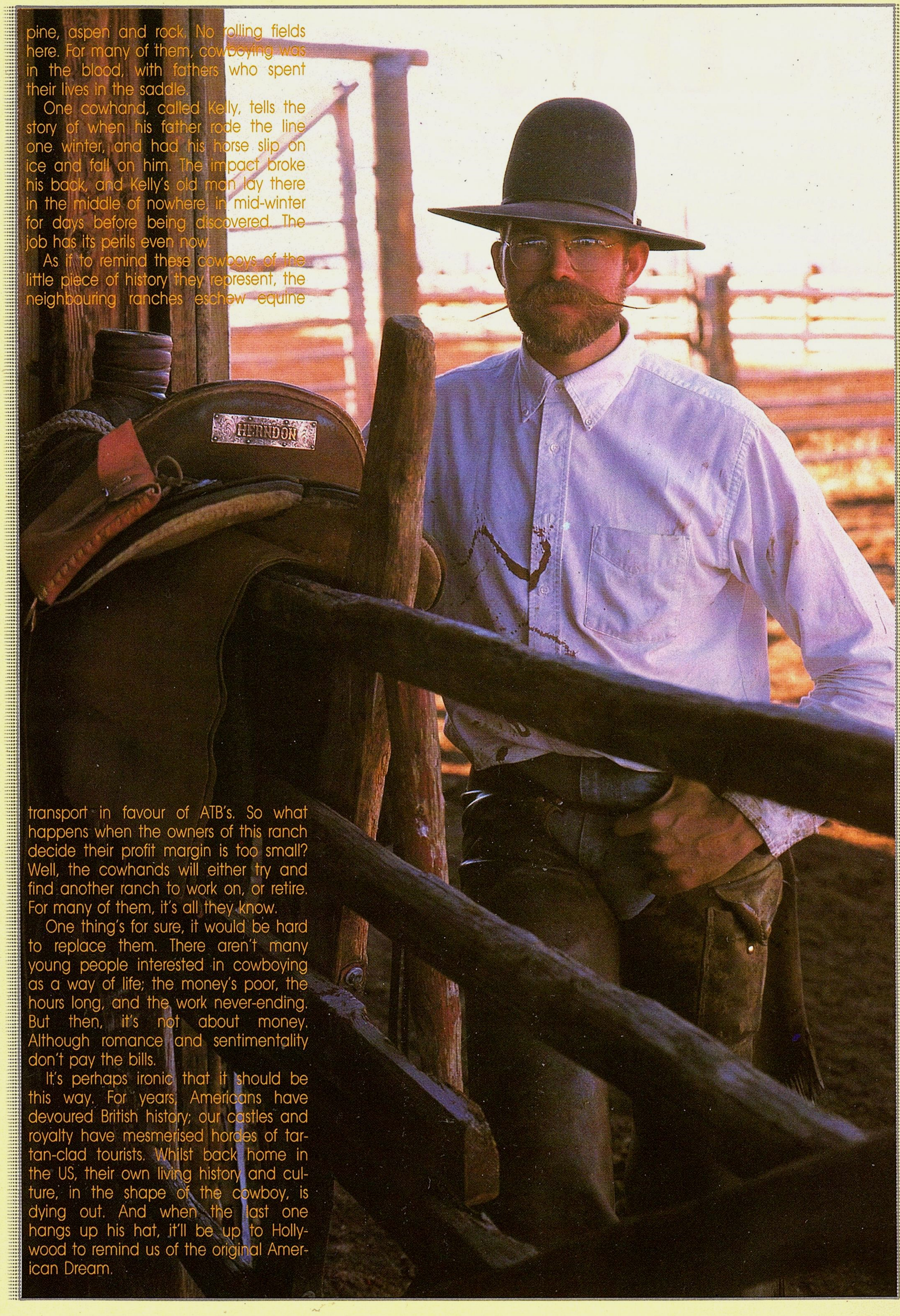
But, as the railroads and population moved West, so the long trail drives ended. Tastes and economic pressures forced beef from its favoured position, and the era of the cowboy entered its twilight phase. Ranches closed, went out of business, and the cowboy population dwindled.

As the profits diminished, ranchers looked for ways to improve efficiency, and the horse and subsequently the men who rode them became casualties. Land and stock were reduced, allowing ranchers to run fewer hands. And that's the way it remains today. The steady decline in the number of cowboys has gone virtually unnoticed in an America more caught up in profiteering than sentimentality.

The basic job is the same today as it was a century ago, only the methods have changed. Nowadays, it's more efficient to round up cattle from a helicopter, and run them down vast fenced funnels from the saddle of an all-terrain bike (ATB) than to use horses. The days of horse and man in perfect harmony are a thing of the past. Almost.

Had they been printed with a sepia tone, the colour photographs accompanying his piece could have passed as portraits taken at the turn of the century. But the cowboys pictured here represent, quite literally, the last of the breed. Whilst neighbouring ranches have traded in their horses for ATB's, these men rely on animal power to help them carry out the tasks of ranch life.

The ranch they work for still believes in the old ways, and the spread they ride covers a million and a half acres of



pine, aspen and rock. No rolling fields here. For many of them, cowboying was in the blood, with fathers who spent their lives in the saddle.

One cowhand, called Kelly, tells the story of when his father rode the line one winter, and had his horse slip on ice and fall on him. The impact broke his back, and Kelly's old man lay there in the middle of nowhere, in mid-winter for days before being discovered. The job has its perils even now.

As if to remind these cowboys of the little piece of history they represent, the neighbouring ranches eschew equine transport in favour of ATB's. So what happens when the owners of this ranch decide their profit margin is too small? Well, the cowhands will either try and find another ranch to work on, or retire. For many of them, it's all they know.

One thing's for sure, it would be hard to replace them. There aren't many young people interested in cowboying as a way of life; the money's poor, the hours long, and the work never-ending. But then, it's not about money. Although romance and sentimentality don't pay the bills.

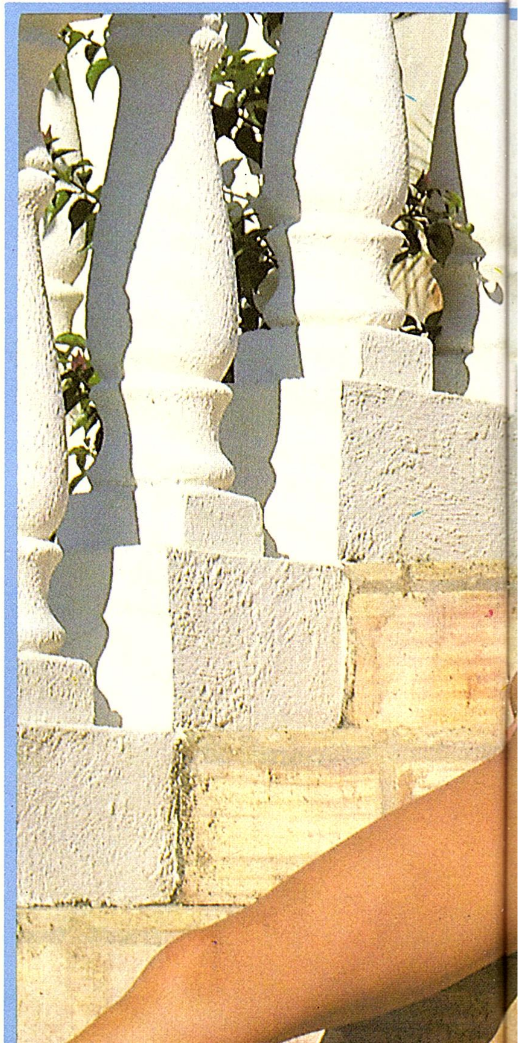
It's perhaps ironic that it should be this way. For years, Americans have devoured British history; our castles and royalty have mesmerised hordes of tartan-clad tourists. Whilst back home in the US, their own living history and culture, in the shape of the cowboy, is dying out. And when the last one hangs up his hat, it'll be up to Hollywood to remind us of the original American Dream.

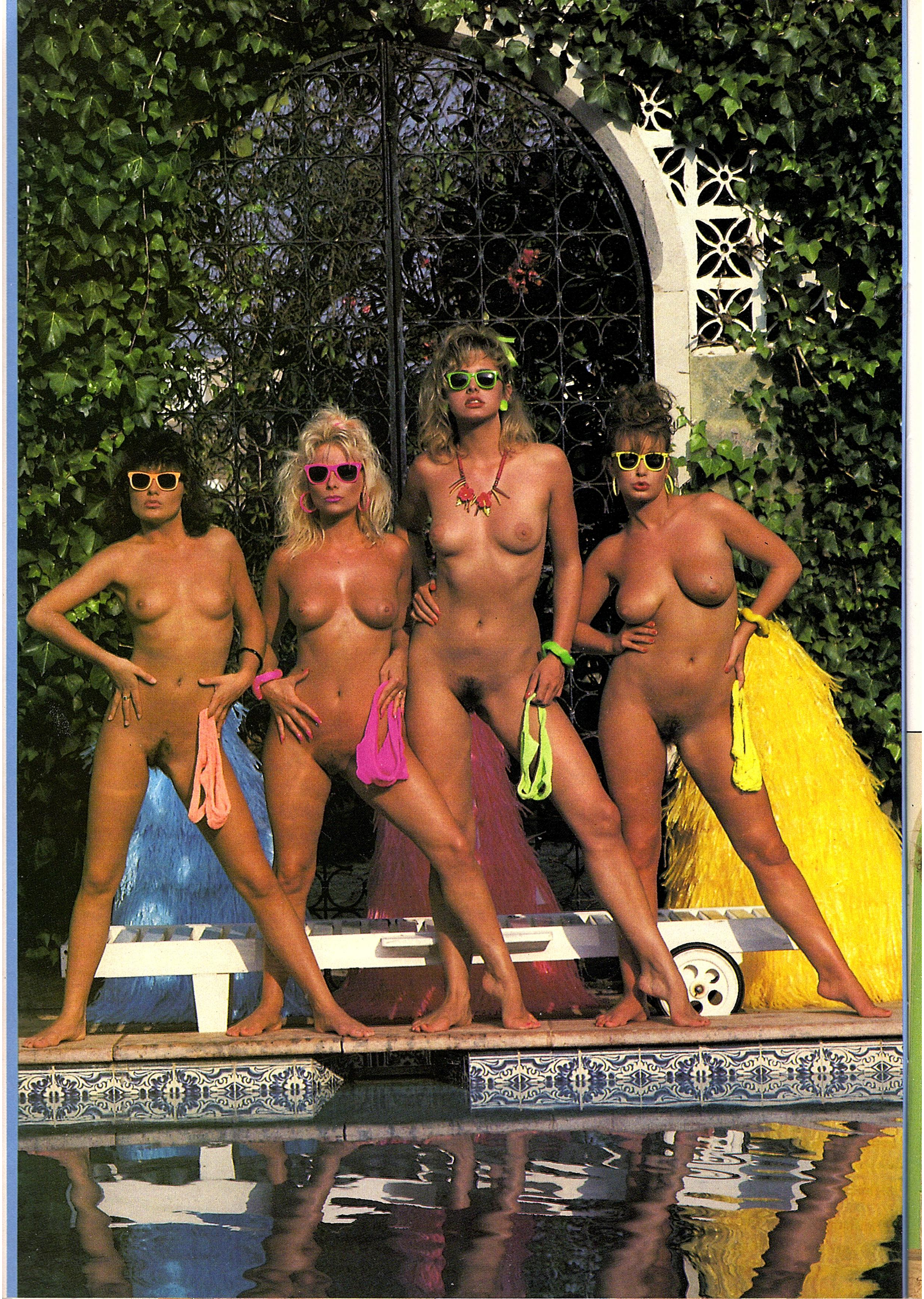
Eeny, Meeny

, Miny, Mo

Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo, catch a model by the toe, if she squeals let her go . . . or risk receiving a swift kick to the ging-gangs. Here we have a veritable bevy of beauts sunning themselves at the expense of one Ulf Stjernbo, photographer and all round nice guy. It's almost like a Bond movie, isn't it? Sexy girls lying around a pool in a state of undress. Sort of Pussy Galore, wouldn't you say?

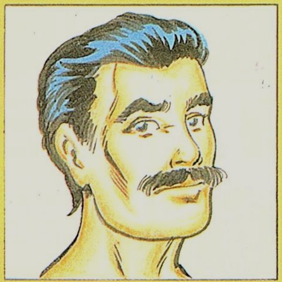
Photographed by ULF STJERNBO





JEREMY

GEORGE

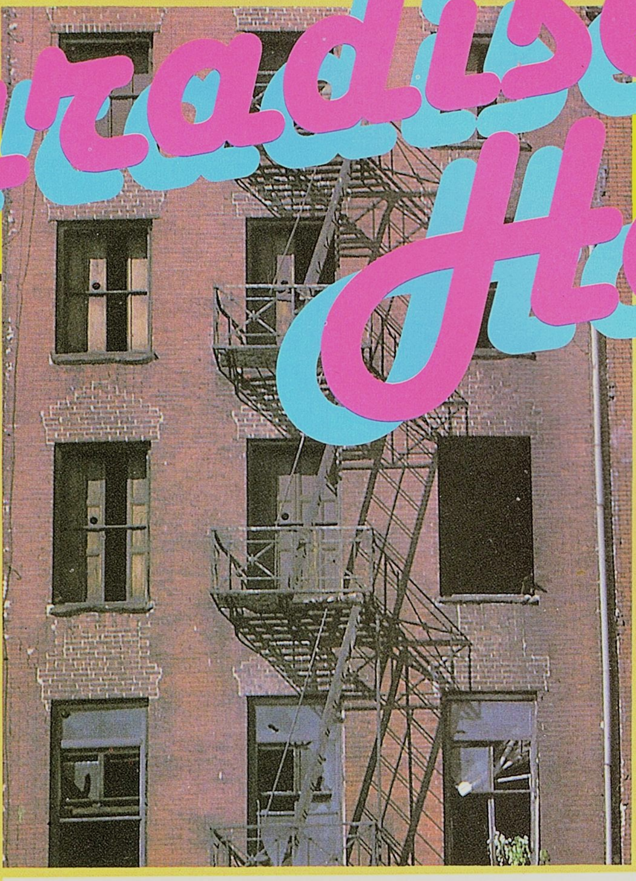


EILEEN

KIRSTEN

HELEN

Paradise Hotel



The psychotherapists' conference is now underway at the hotel, though most of the participants are ill following the dinner cooked by Louis, the filthy French chef. After discovering Eileen being fucked rigid by the revolting Andy, Maria has discovered that her sex aid, a length of black pudding, has gone missing; and Jeremy has found Gloria in a 69 with George the lifeguard in one the pool cubicles. Now read on . . .

The cubicle door was no match for Jeremy's enraged assault on it. It gave way easily and he staggered in, slipped on a towelling sock that was nestling soggily in a puddle on the floor, and landed with a crash on top of the two bodies that were busy sucking the juices out of one another's genitals.

Gloria had a mouthful of cock as Jeremy's bum descended with a thump on her head, and the sudden blow caused her to close her teeth with a snap.

"Yeeeowch!" came the agonised scream from her practically castrated male partner.

"What the fuck's going on in here?" cried a voice from the doorway. All three looked up and straight into the bewildered face of . . .

"George?" said Gloria. "But . . .?"

"If that's Geogre, then who — ?" began Jeremy.

"Bloody Neil! What the hell are you doing here?" accused George.

"Oh fuck, I'm off!" announced Gloria's erstwhile shagging partner, wincing as he stowed his mangled prick into his tight lycra shorts. Bursting through the barricade of human bodies, he took a flying leap into the pool, sending three hotel guests spluttering and bubbling to the bottom, and struck out for the far side and escape. Jeremy set off after him.

"I think I have a right to know who that Neil is," said a red-faced Gloria, tugging a pube out of her teeth. "I don't make a habit of sucking off strangers."

As soon as Eileen opened her big blue eyes and saw the seedy, stubbly, sweating Glaswegian face that loomed over hers, locked in a rictur of orgasmic bliss, she closed them again, fast. It had been George screwing her, not Andy. At least the whisky Andy had poured into her had helped fuel her fantasy.

She'd been feeling extremely randy when she'd gone looking for George the previous night, her cunt aching from the scrubbing Maria had insisted she give it after losing her virginity to Sidney the salesman. But George was nowhere to be seen and Andy had found her sobbing her way back to her room and had kindly offered her a drink. And then . . .

Even if it *had* been George, he could hardly have given her as much pleasure as Andy had. Poor old Andy, she thought. Everyone slagged him off, but he was really a very nice

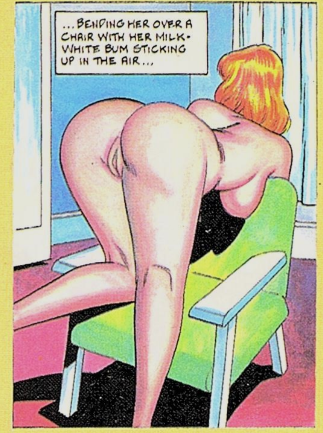
Paradise Hotel

man and had such an enormous willy. If only Maria hadn't come in just then.

"Do you think we'll get fired?" she asked Andy.

"Och no, dear. I've got some info on Maria that she certainly wouldn't want spread around the hotel," Andy murmured soothingly, thinking of the length of black pudding he'd taken from Maria's room after watching her use it through the keyhole. He'd been intending to sniff it and have a wank until he'd bumped into Eileen and had been treated to an unexpected night of rampant shagging instead.

"And now, sweetheart, I don't think we've tried this position yet," he continued, hauling the naked girl to her feet and bending her over a chair with her milk-white bum sticking up in the air.

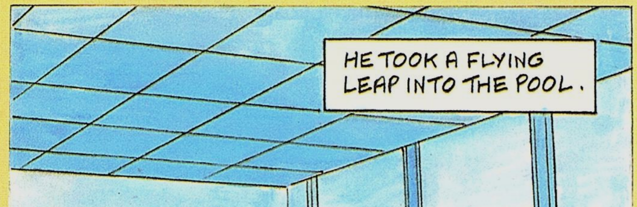

...BENDING HER OVER A CHAIR WITH HER MILK-WHITE BUM STICKING UP IN THE AIR...

"Oh Andy, I'm exhausted," Eileen sighed. Then: "Oh, *Andy*!" as a good nine inches of prime Scottish pork sword slipped up her snatch to the hilt.

"*The Campbells are coming, hi ho, hi ho,*" sang Andy, in a good shafting rhythm.

"Hi-*oh*, hi-*OH*!" echoed Eileen.

Meanwhile, in her lonely room, a 52-year-old spinster was in a lather of frustration wondering how on earth she was going to find satisfaction now that her sex aid had disappeared. Maria had discovered the firm, smooth black virtues of black pudding many years earlier and somehow, pink penises such as Sidney's or Andy's didn't hold nearly as much appeal.


HE TOOK A FLYING LEAP INTO THE POOL.

'Maybe they've got some in the kitchens,' she thought hopefully. She checked her watch. It should be Louis' morning break time. She could sneak in now and no-one would see her.

Furtively, she made her way down the corridors, occasionally glancing over her shoulder. The dining room was deserted, Mario having made his way shakily back to his room for a much-needed shower. Silently, she pushed open the swing doors to the kitchen. As she'd hoped, the rancid-smelling place was empty.

She heaved open the door to the vast fridge and began to examine the shelves. Chippolatas, salamis . . . aha! Her eyes lit up as she spotted a coiled length of black pudding, lying like an aged intestine at the back of a shelf. She hauled it out and gave it a stroke. Mmm . . . it would do nicely, though she only needed a foot or so. Now where did Louis keep his knives?

Scrabbling noisily in the cutlery containers, she didn't hear seventeen stone of French blubber stealing up behind her on rubber-soled feet. All she knew was that suddenly, a hand was up her skirt and scrabbling feverishly at the gusset of her tight, black, elasticated panty-corset and gusts of garlic-ridden breath were circulating round her neck and ears.

"Come here, *mon-petit croissante*," crooned Louis.

"Get *off* me!" screeched Maria, seizing a carving knife, "Or else . . ."

Louis grabbed Maria by the wrist and in the ensuing struggle, the point of the knife caught in the housekeeper's thick cotton uniform, slashing it down the front. The material fell apart, revealing Maria's well-upholstered body in a white nylon slip and thick black stockings.

She dropped the knife and made a vain attempt to cover her ample bosom but Louis, for all his bulk, was nimble. With a couple of flicks of his fingers, Maria's slip, and bra were off, too.

"*Magnifique*!" he crooned as Maria's gigantic bosom swung to waist level. "My leetle Chesty Morgan!"

He dived into the warm valley between Maria's mountains, pulling them around his ears, covering them with kisses.

Maria appealed to every saint she could think of, but none intervened to save her as Louis picked her up bodily and laid her on her back on a greasy work surface. As he worked her thick, corset-like knickers down over her hips, Maria slipped and slid, her flesh becoming as well-basted as a plump goose. She grabbed wildly at Louis in an effort to stop herself sliding onto the floor, but he interpreted her efforts as enthusiasm and the next moment, Maria found her virgin tunnel impaled by something which felt — well, even better than black pudding!

As the George look-alike sped out of the swimming pool and across the gymnasium with Jeremy in hot persuit, Gloria confronted the real George, her eyes swimming with tears.

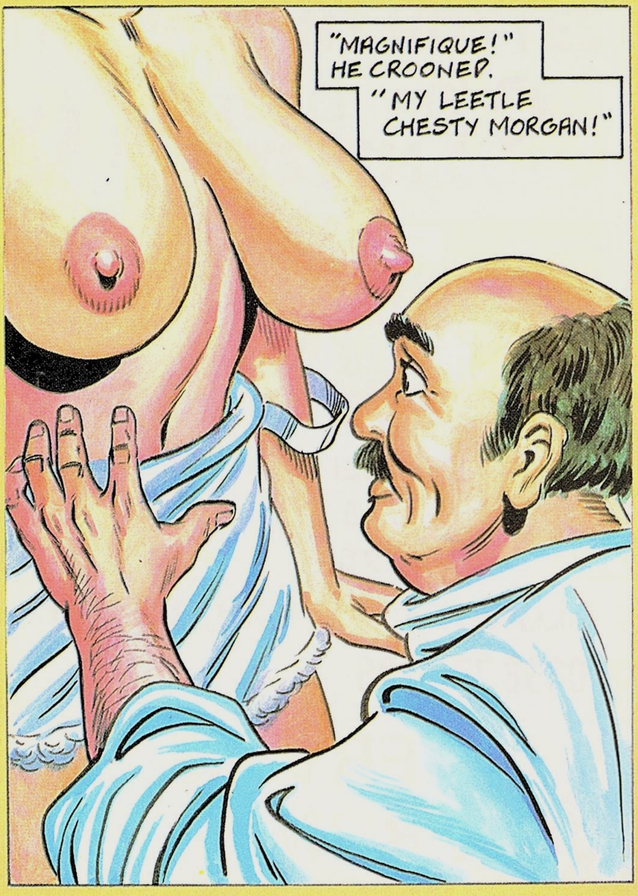
"I . . . I thought I was sucking *you*," she sobbed.

"I hear my twin brother's every bit as good as I am, the bastard!" said George grimly. "I didn't know he was back from abroad. He's played this trick before, passed himself off as me, ruined jobs and relationships for me. Wherever I hide, he has a knack of finding me, probably because he runs into my old girlfriends."

"Well, I don't think he could possibly be as good as you," said Gloria loyally.

"How do you know when you haven't tried me yet?" invited George.

Next moment, Gloria was back on the narrow bench, but not in the 69 position this time. Instead, she had her legs wrapped round George's waist and his long pole was ferreting through her blonde fronds, about to give her a glorious punting.


"MAGNIFIQUE!" HE CROONED.
"MY LEETLE CHESTY MORGAN!"

It wasn't often that the staff and guests of the Paradise Hotel were greeted by the sight of the manager sprinting across the foyer wearing nothing but a pair of dripping wet swimming trunks that moulded themselves to his cock and balls like a sausage skin.

Tina howled, "Oh my gawd!" and cut off three calls with a sweep of her arm.

Helen felt as if an electrode had been applied to her clitoris as her ever-present lust for Jeremy grabbed her by the glands. As if in a trance, she rose from the reception desk, seeing nothing before her eyes but a vastly larger than life vision of what was concealed in Jeremy's trunks. She had to have his cock insider her — *now*.

Pursuing him down the corridor, she caught up with him by the toilets. Reaching out her long, scarlet fingernails, she caught him by the elastic top of his trunks, stopping him in his tracks. Her action dragged down his trunks, revealing a bum that was still pink from its recent painful encounter with the sunbed. Shocked exclamations from the direction of the door of the Ladies' loo proved that the mooning managerial buttocks had been spotted by more than one of the lady guests, but Helen wasn't moved by her boss's shame. Indeed, sensing that the Ladies was now empty, she hauled her quarry inside.

"Oh Jeremy," she moaned, pinning him up against the tiled wall. Her hand delved inside his wet trunks. It took her quite a while to find his wedding tackle, shrivelled as it was from its dunking in the chilly waters of the Paradise swimming pool, the heating having gone on the blink again.

"Oh, my baby," she burbled, sucking two squashy marshmallows and a chippolata inside her hot, wet mouth and flicking at them with a tongue like a snake on speed.

They soon began to respond to her treatment.

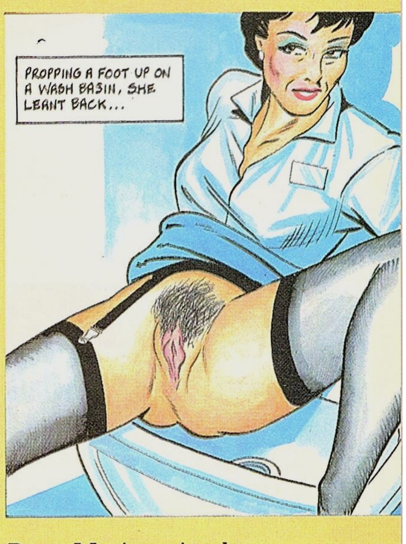
"I do think you should have let me catch that man. He might be a thief," was Jeremy's only protest as his prick began to swell in Helen's mouth.

"O-o-oh," he groaned, reaching for her large and luscious boobs and squeezing them till her nipples stood out like acorns.

"I'm going to put this where it'll *really* get warm," said Helen, rotating a finger rapidly in her fanny to get it open and ready for him.

Propping a foot up on a wash basin, she leant back so that Jeremy could slide his length between her swollen, violet-coloured labia — and this was the sight that greeted American Cindy as she pushed open the loo door.

Cindy couldn't believe how much experience she was gathering in England for her paper on voyeurism and exhibitionism. She recognised both Jeremy and Helen from the afternoon she and her husband Wayne had arrived at the hotel. Desperate as she was to use the toilet, as she was still suffering from food poisoning, she nevertheless clenched her buttocks and silently drew her tiny camera from her handbag.

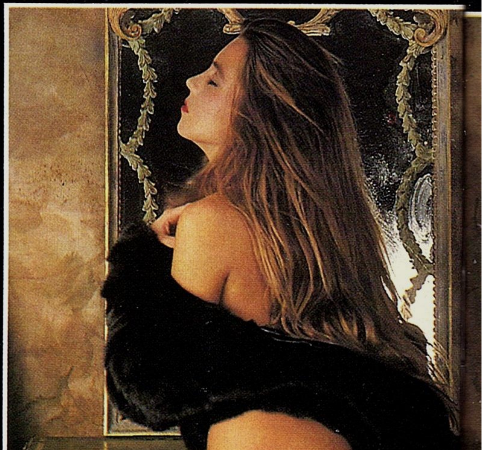

PROPPING A FOOT UP ON A WASH BASIN, SHE LEANT BACK...

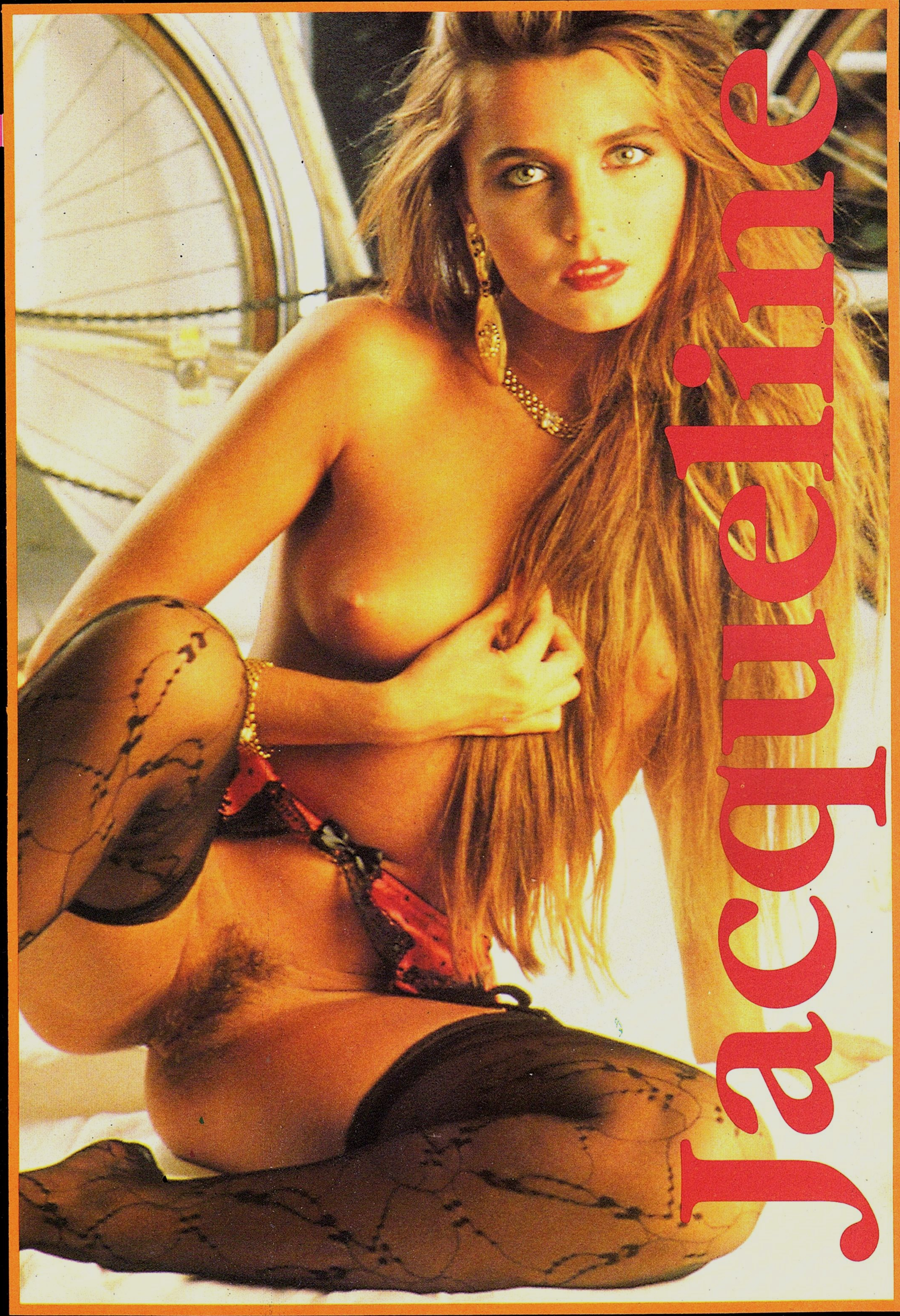
Does Maria enjoy her deflowerment? What other naughty business has George's twin been getting up to? To what use will Cindy put her incriminating photographs? All, and more, will be revealed in next month's episode of Paradise Hotel.

The Italian Job

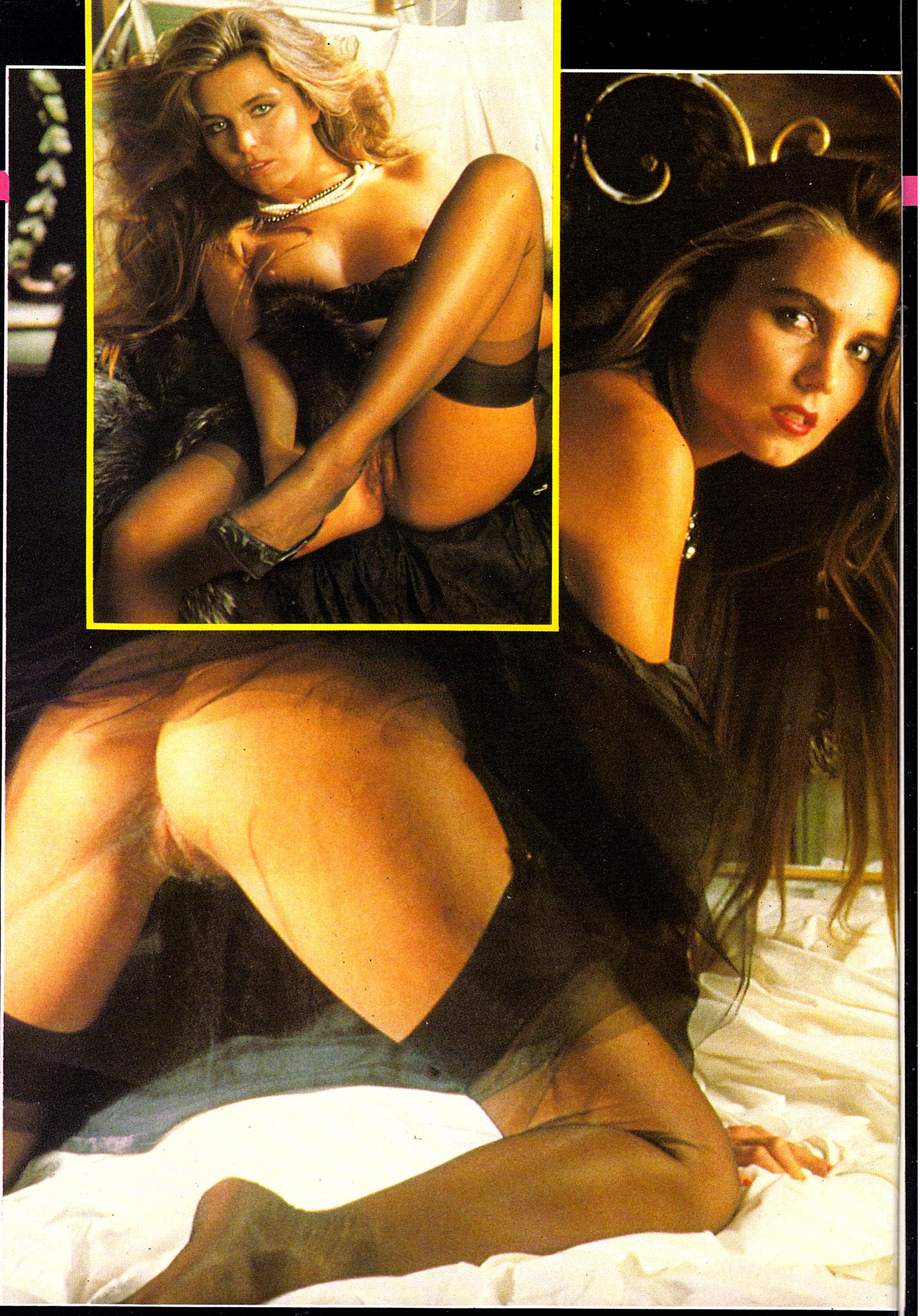
Photographs by MRA

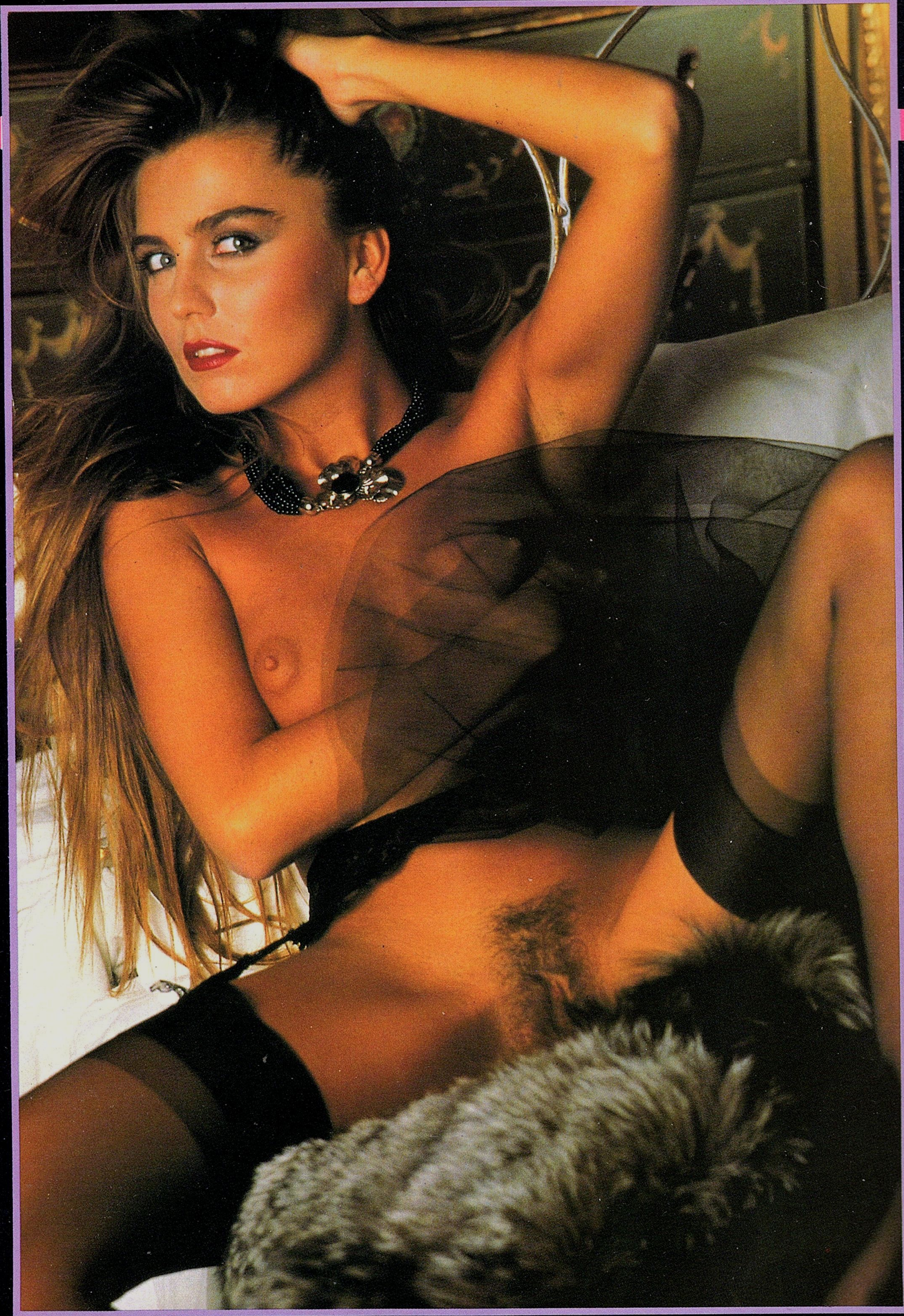
Nice, eh? Long dark hair, curvy figure. None of your old *Fiesta* trollops here. No, we prefer the finer things in life: a tall, cool glass of vintage champagne sipped on the terrace of one's villa in Tuscany, hazy sunlight filtering in through the trees above our heads. Just the type of thing, in fact, that Jaqueline herself likes. It's a strange co-incidence that up until the staff met Jaqui we were all lager-swilling, unshaven louts who didn't know our Gucci's from our Ghirlandaio's (Italian Renaissance artist, as you will no doubt know). We must be the first champagne louts to wear denim and quaff it by the Balthazar . . . Okay?

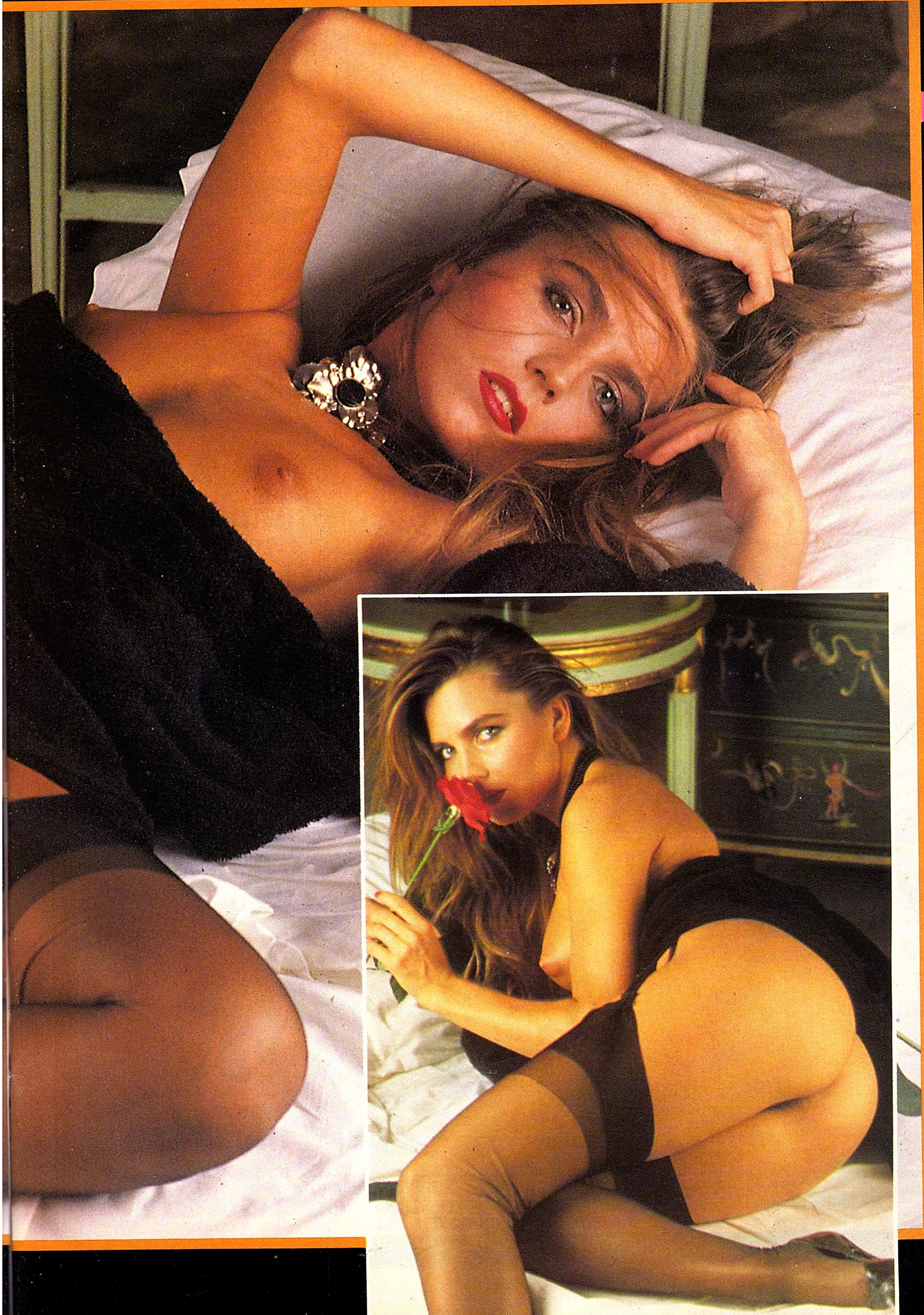




Jacqueline







PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 15

"No, I'm not joking – can you get one?"

"I think so," I said.

I thought about it all the way home. I was being offered a safe, no-hassle fuck with a passionate girl, and that was bound to be marvellous.

JOKER

An army captain was stationed in Hong Kong for a spell.

After having been there for six months, the captain's wife came to stay with him in his private quarters for the first time since he had arrived.

She arrived very late when all of the servants had gone to bed and the next day when she awoke in the captain's bed she found he had already risen.

Five minutes later a Chinese valet came into the room, spanked her on the buttocks and said, "Okay Missy, time for bleakfast then it's back to the brothel!"

Getting some French letters was an embarrassing experience. Everyone in the shop seemed to know what I was after and was watching me. Several times I passed and re-passed the counter where they were displayed before leaving and going elsewhere. In the next shop I grabbed a packet before I had chance to think about it, and handed it to the young girl assistant for wrapping. I took my purchase home, and hid it in a cocoa tin at the bottom of the garden.

As our next date approached I still felt uneasy. Perhaps Sarah hadn't been serious. But when the night came, it soon became clear that Sarah had meant every word.

We sat down in the same spot in the wood and began to cuddle.

"Brought some of those things with you?" she asked after about ten minutes.

"Yes, but are you sure you want to do it? You don't have to, you know." "I want to," she replied quite calmly.

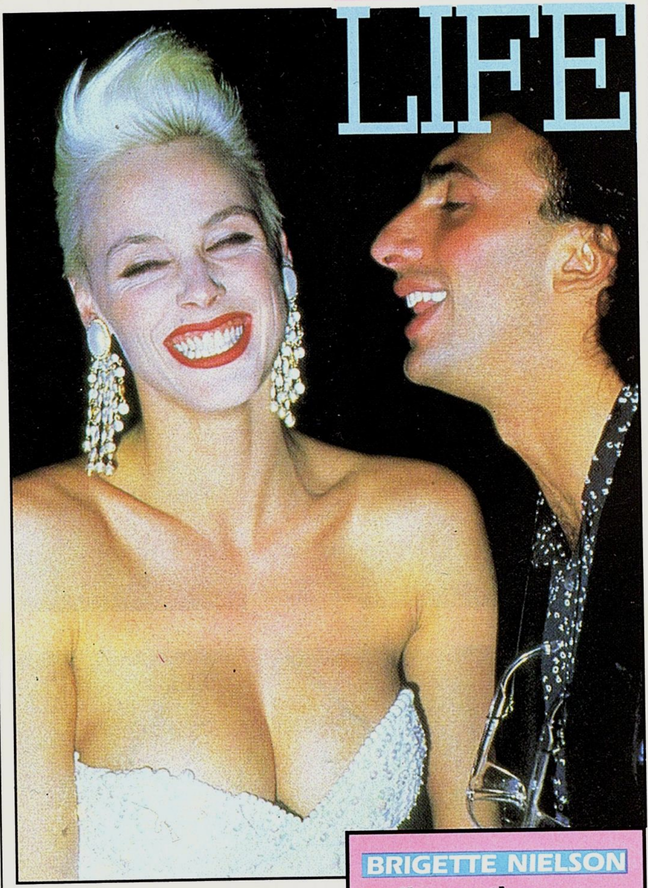
We kissed again, and my hand fondled her breasts and then her pussy. "We'll have to take them off," she said, "yours as well as mine."

She arched her hips as I lowered her knickers, and then she pushed my pants down. My nervousness hadn't stopped me getting a good hard erection; and for that I was thankful. She played with my cock – it seemed to hold an obsessive interest for her – and she wanted to know how it felt when she moved the skin to and fro. "Great," I said, "but you'd better stop before we have an accident." She took my point. I let her roll the French letter along the shaft, and then I asked her to lie back. I was feeling much better now.

Entry was surprisingly easy. It also helped that she was deliciously lubricated. I expected to be able to satisfy her just by thrusting in and out, and perhaps I could have done had I gone on long enough, but all too soon I filled the French letter. Afterwards, however, she showed me what to do to bring on her climax. When she had recovered from that we played with each other again, and then completed a wonderful evening by fucking once more.

I went with Sarah many times after that, and when it was too cold or wet to go to the wood, we did the best we could for each other indoors. As far as I know no one ever discovered the truth about us. – *Kevin., London.*

KNIGHT LIFE



BRIGETTE NIELSON smiles as they announce the winners of the "Most Plastic Person" contest in a Hollywood hotel, Unfortunately, Brigette only won the booby prize . . .

Doctor, Doctor

My name is Cath, I'm a 25 year old SEX MAD, red-headed divorcee. I'm five foot two and 36 24 35, and have three kids. I've been leading a very sexy life since my husband walked out on me – actually, he went off with my twenty year old sister.

I went out to a club every Friday night with the girls. We flirted outrageously with the blokes. We were well known to the bouncers and never had to pay. I often picked up a fellow in the club for a night of sex.

Then one day my knees gave way during a game of netball. I had months of physio, but nothing helped – I could only walk with the aid of crutches. This was the end of my social life. The doctor in the hospital was very nice, but not my type. As he examined my leg, his cold hands felt my bare thigh. I had removed one stocking for examination. He said I needed a splint and an appointment for the fitting was made on Saturday morning.

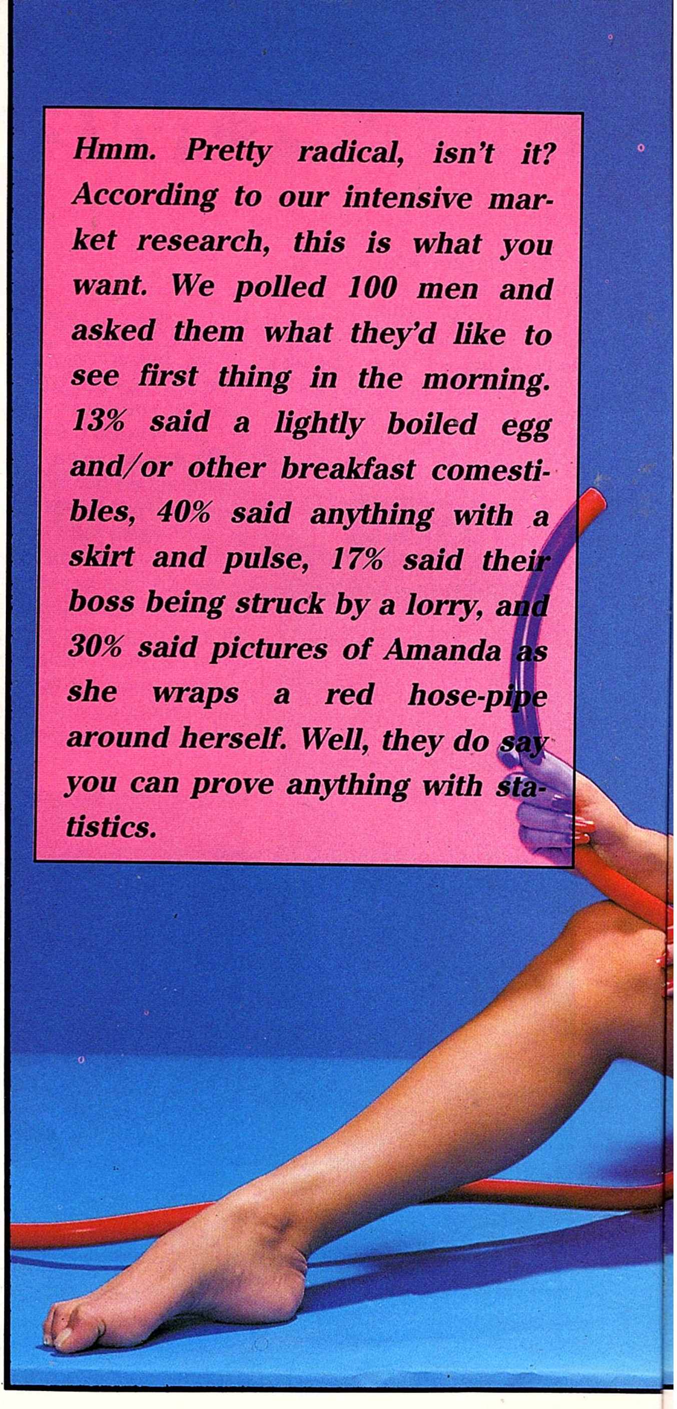
At the hospital I found the clinic deserted, as the fitter had to come especially to see only me. I removed one stocking and lowered my skirt. He came in and while he looked at my notes, I checked him out. He was a six foot, well-built Jamaican, and as he stood in front of me, his crutch was at my eye-level. The bulge in his tight white trousers looked very interesting – especially since I hadn't had any cock for six months.

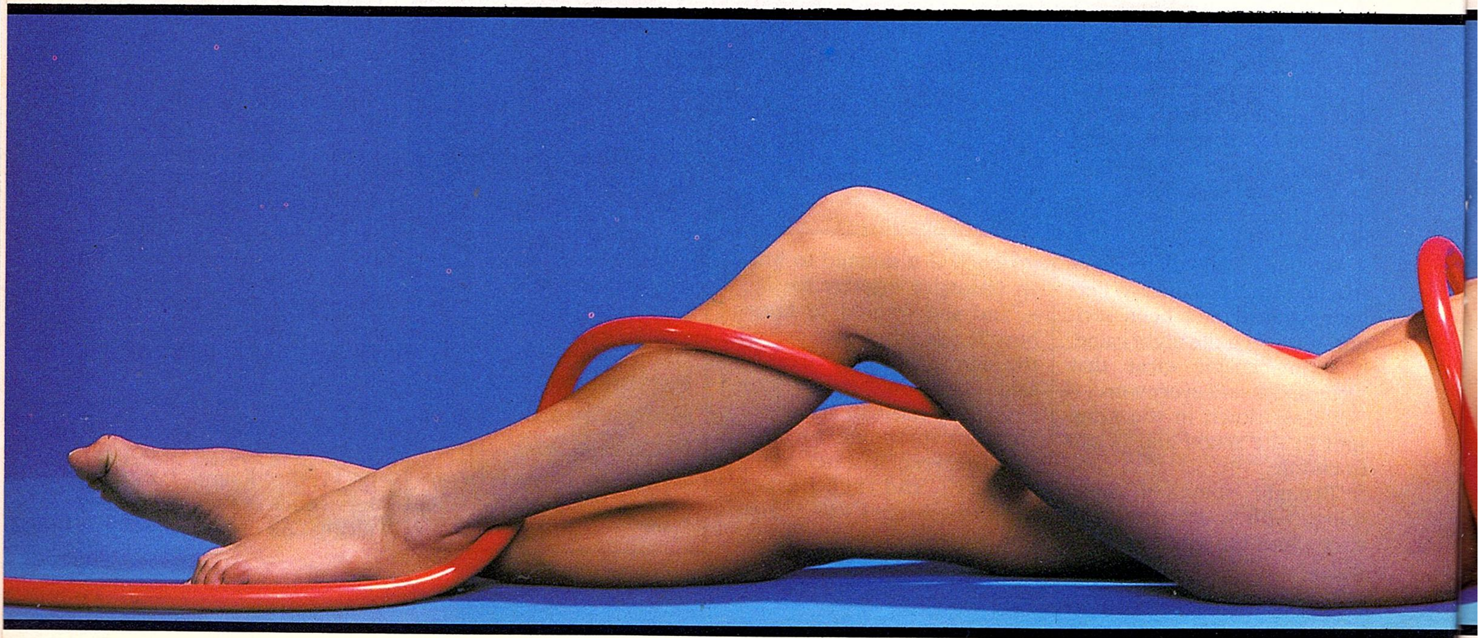
My clit started to twitch at the thought of him. At last he finished reading, he looked down and said, "Right, let's have a look at you." Kneeling down in front of me, he raised my skirt to just below my dampening crotch. His eyes were now on a level with mine, and I saw a glint in them as he noticed my suspender hanging loose. I let my legs drop open, exposing a bit of my French knickers.

His eyes started to pop out of his head, and I guessed his cock was stiffening nicely. As he reached into

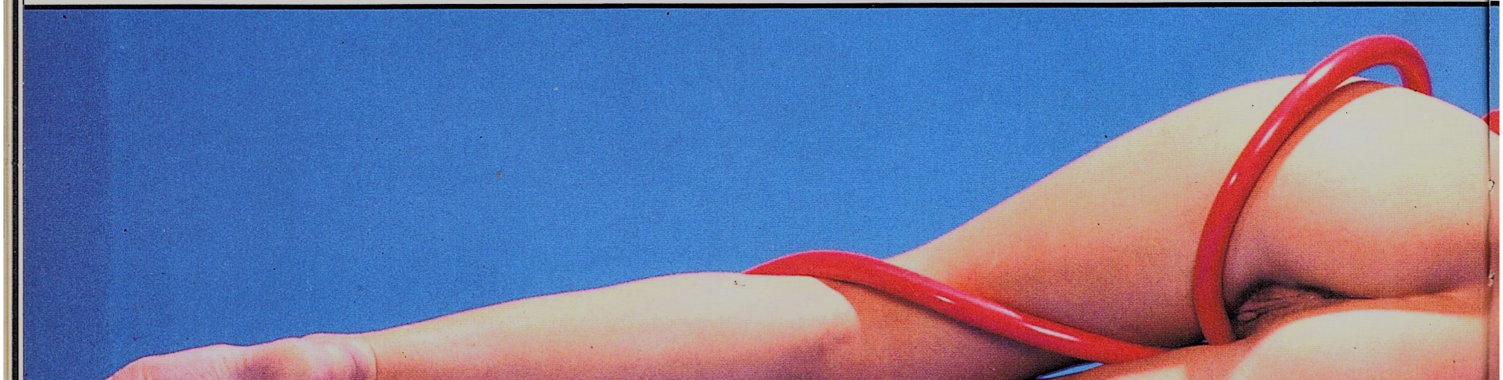
▷109

Hmm. Pretty radical, isn't it? According to our intensive market research, this is what you want. We polled 100 men and asked them what they'd like to see first thing in the morning. 13% said a lightly boiled egg and/or other breakfast comestibles, 40% said anything with a skirt and pulse, 17% said their boss being struck by a lorry, and 30% said pictures of Amanda as she wraps a red hose-pipe around herself. Well, they do say you can prove anything with statistics.

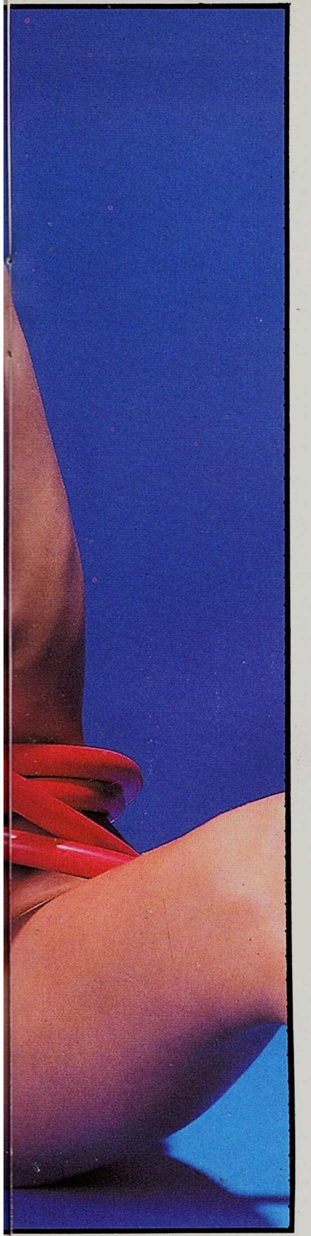




Amanda



Photographed by FLUFF FREEMAN



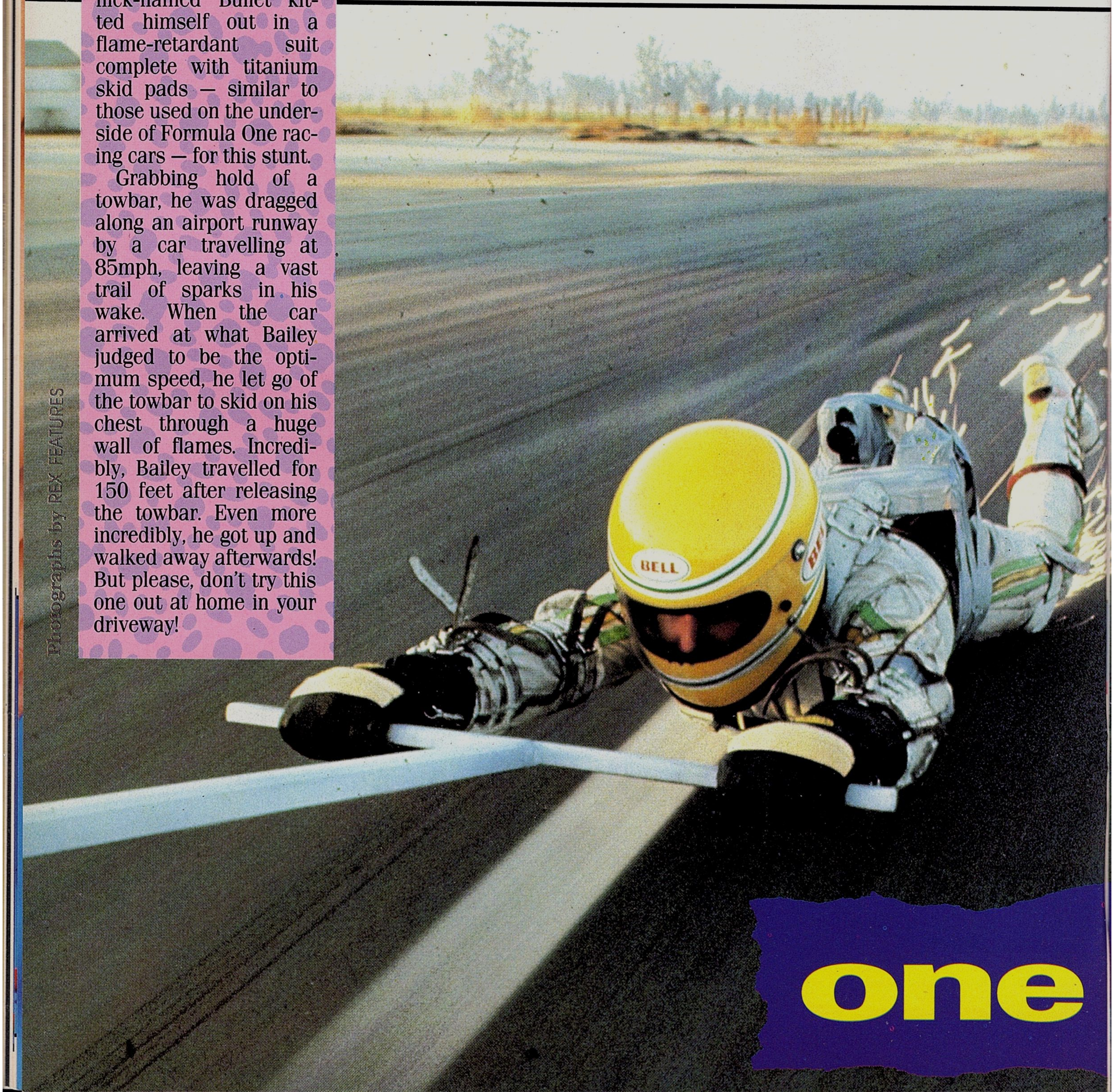
Amanda
KNAVE

ONE STEP

There have to be easier ways of earning a living than being a stuntman like Jim Bailey. Jim, nick-named "Bullet" kitted himself out in a flame-retardant suit complete with titanium skid pads — similar to those used on the underside of Formula One racing cars — for this stunt.

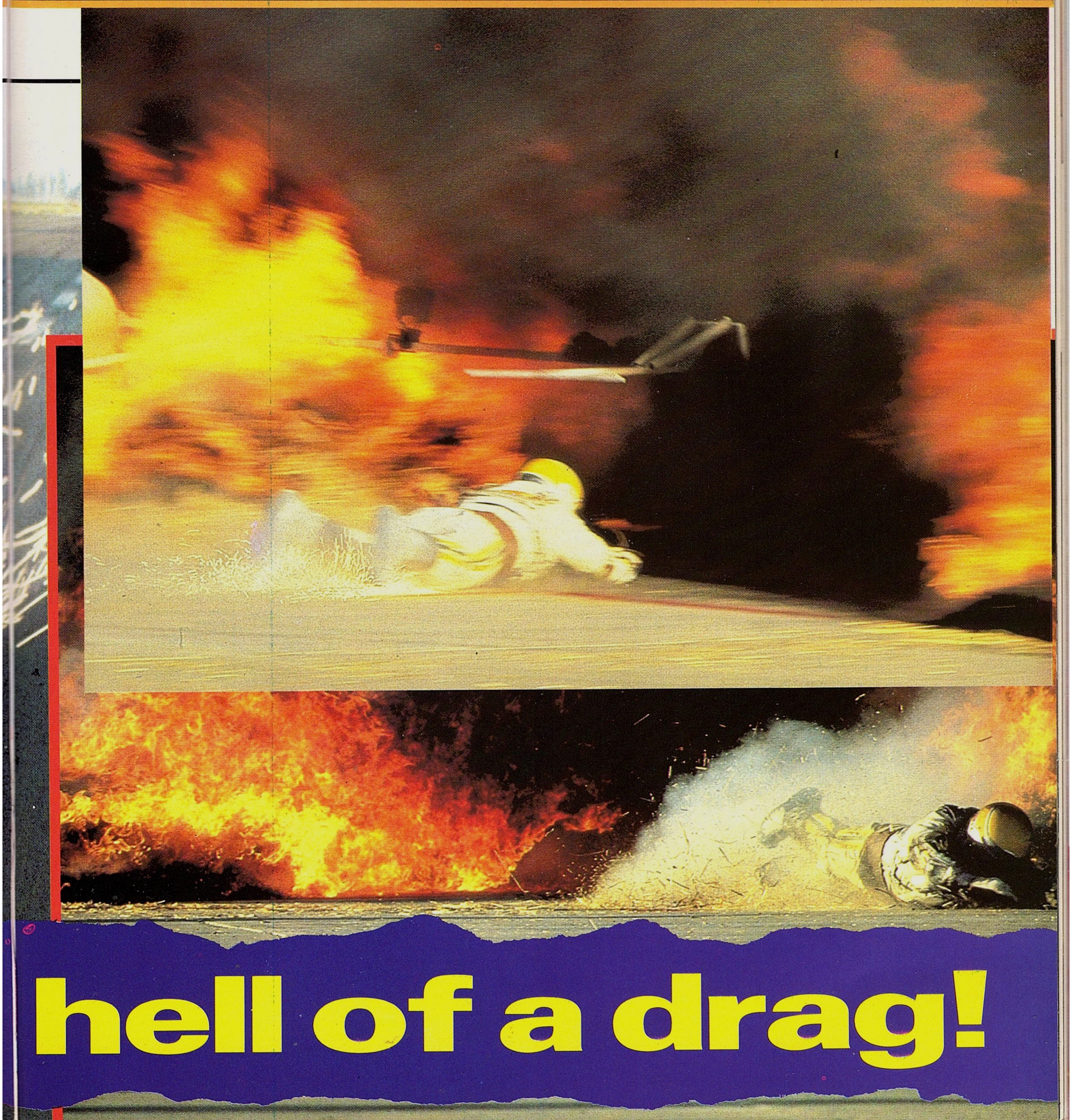
Grabbing hold of a towbar, he was dragged along an airport runway by a car travelling at 85mph, leaving a vast trail of sparks in his wake. When the car arrived at what Bailey judged to be the optimum speed, he let go of the towbar to skid on his chest through a huge wall of flames. Incredibly, Bailey travelled for 150 feet after releasing the towbar. Even more incredibly, he got up and walked away afterwards! But please, don't try this one out at home in your driveway!

Photographs by REX FEATURES



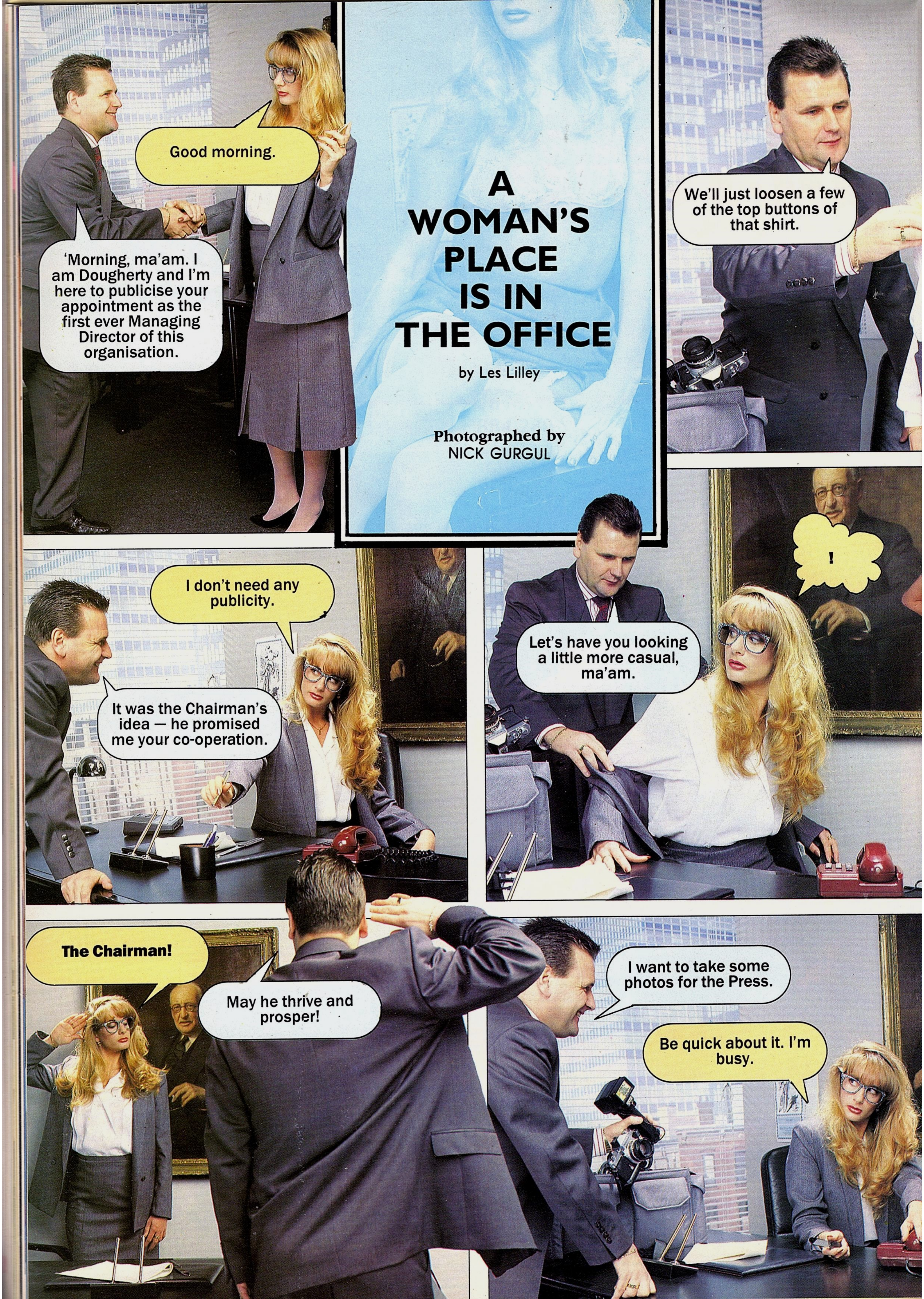
one

BEYOND



hell of a drag!

ONE STEP
BEYOND

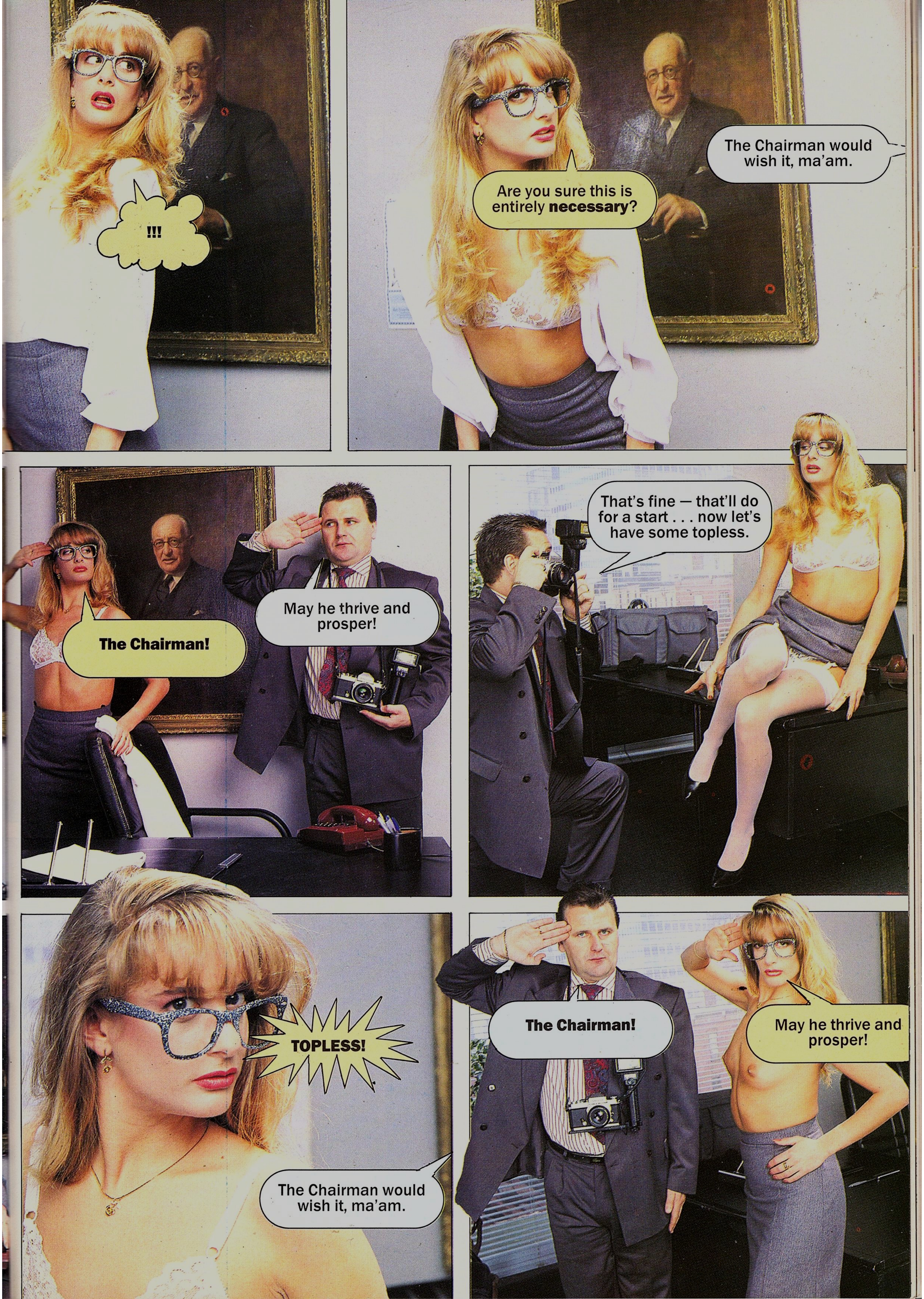


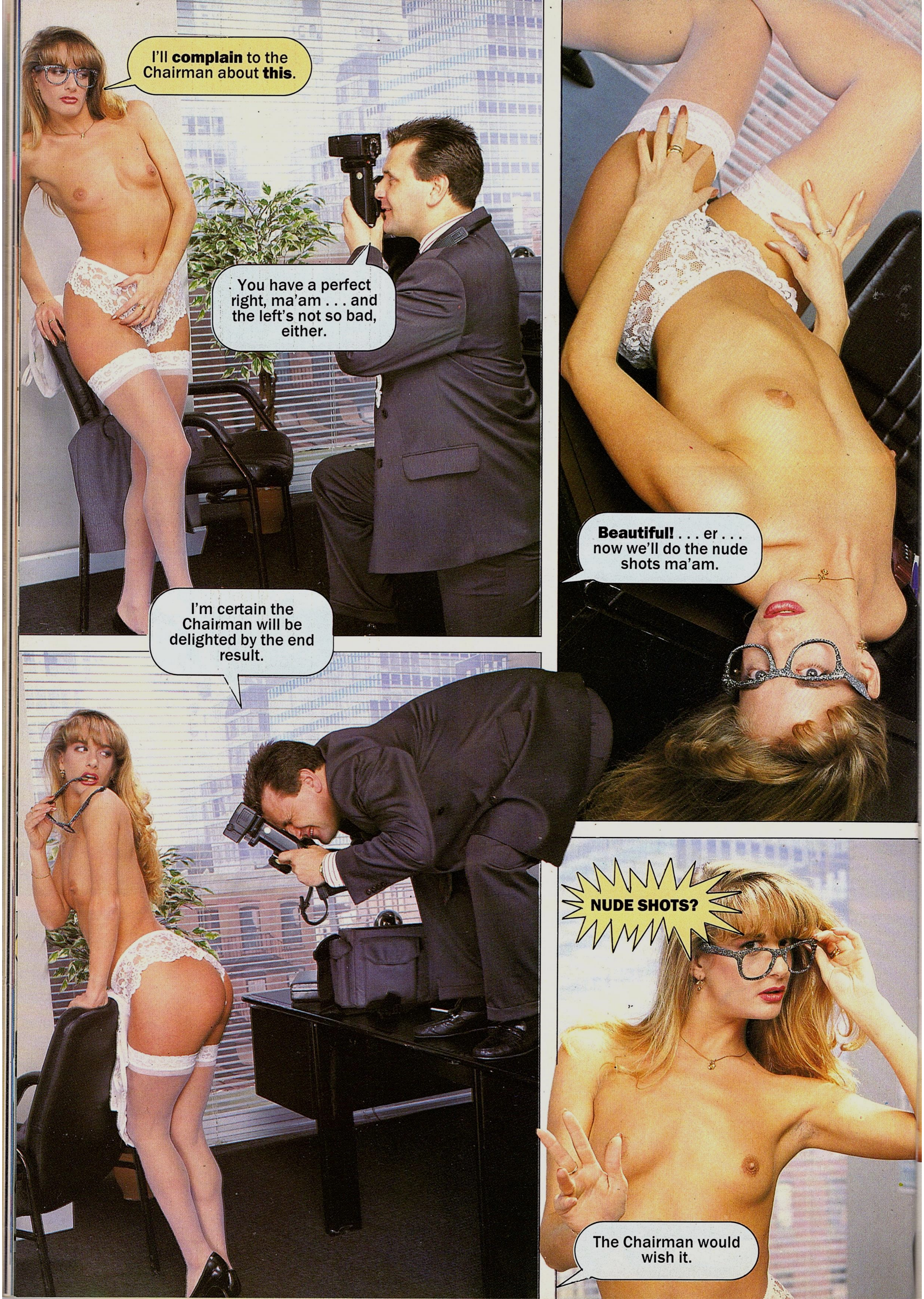
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE OFFICE

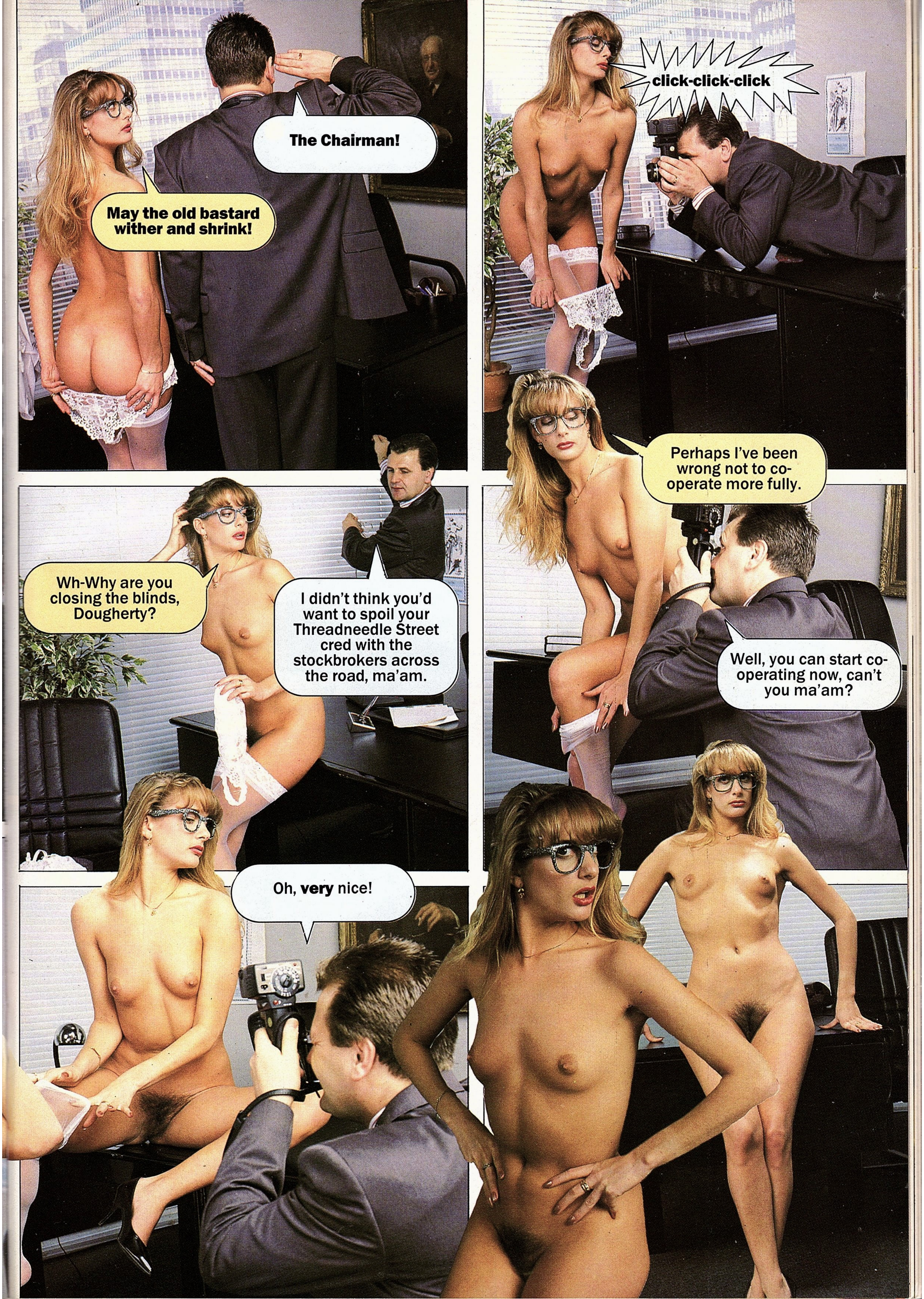
by Les Lilley

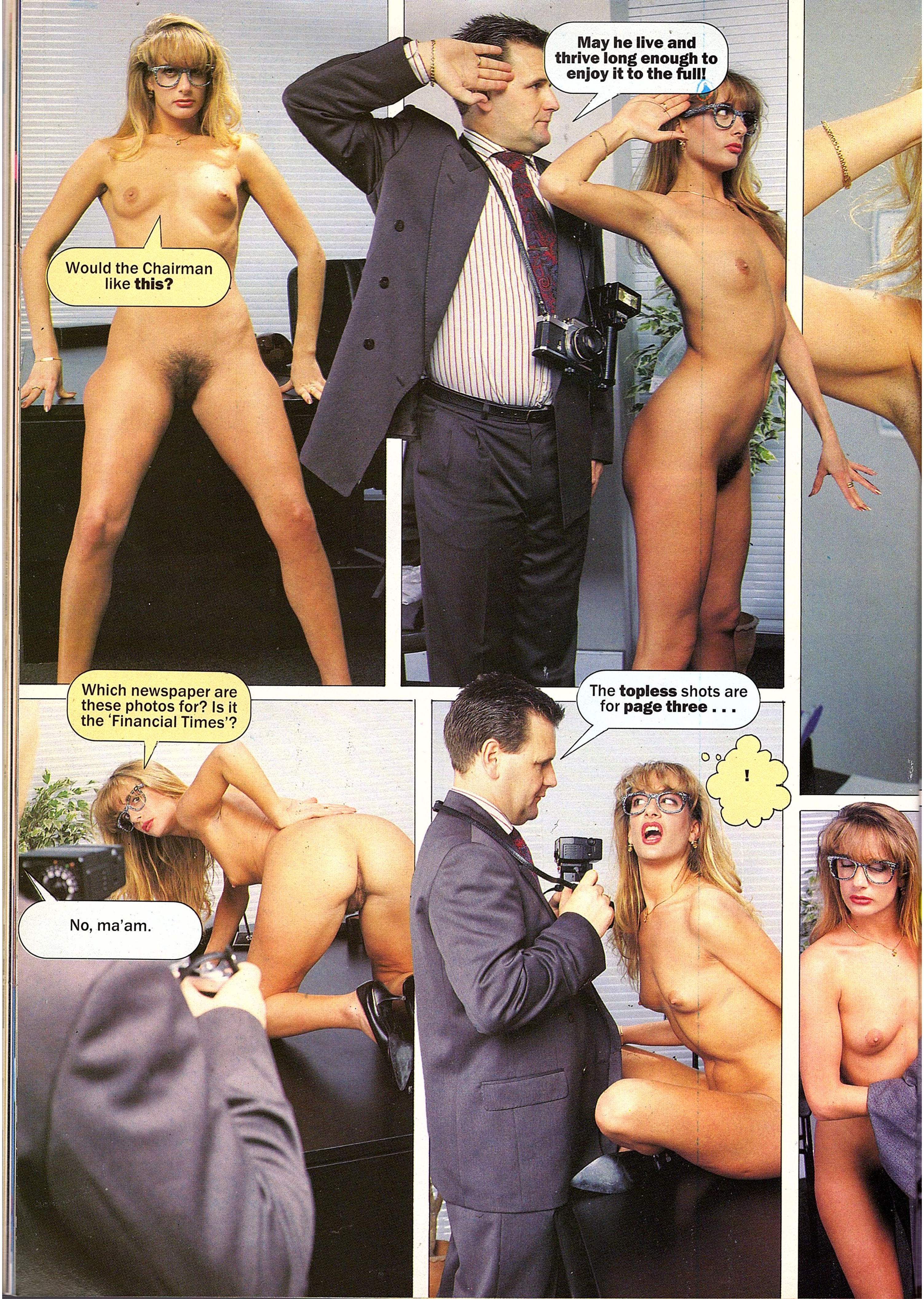
Photographed by
NICK GURGUL

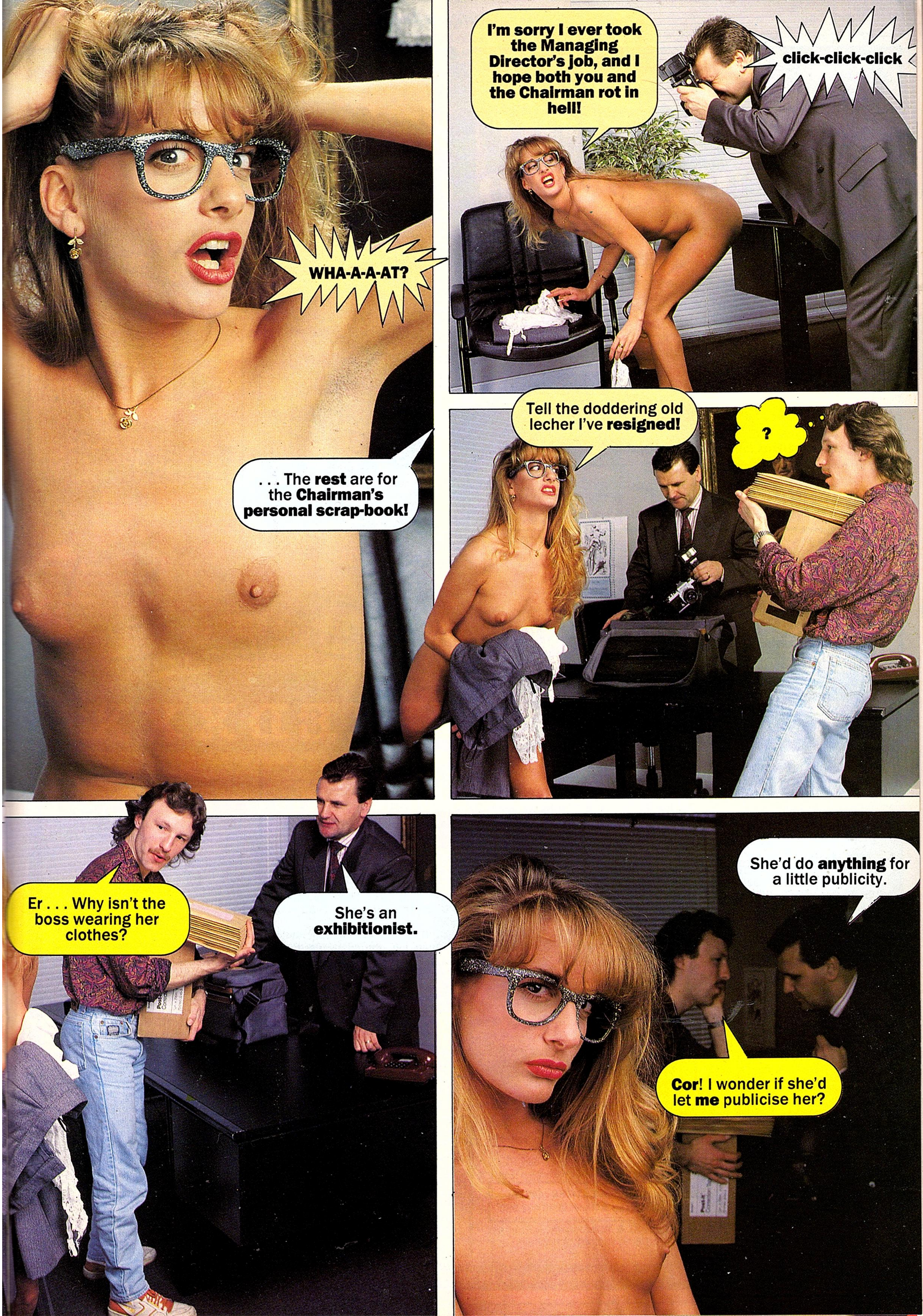
Good morning.
'Morning, ma'am. I am Dougherty and I'm here to publicise your appointment as the first ever Managing Director of this organisation.
We'll just loosen a few of the top buttons of that shirt.
I don't need any publicity.
It was the Chairman's idea — he promised me your co-operation.
Let's have you looking a little more casual, ma'am.
!
The Chairman!
May he thrive and prosper!
I want to take some photos for the Press.
Be quick about it. I'm busy.


!!!
Are you sure this is entirely **necessary**?
The Chairman would wish it, ma'am.
The Chairman!
May he thrive and prosper!
That's fine — that'll do for a start . . . now let's have some topless.
TOPLESS!
The Chairman would wish it, ma'am.
The Chairman!
May he thrive and prosper!

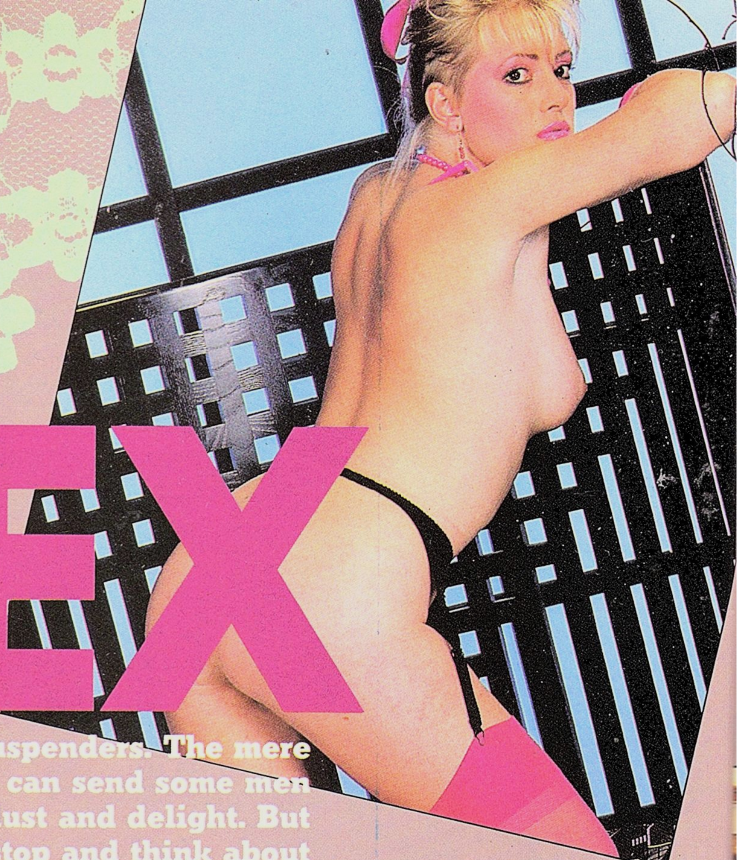

I'll **complain** to the Chairman about **this**.
You have a perfect right, ma'am . . . and the left's not so bad, either.
I'm certain the Chairman will be delighted by the end result.
Beautiful! . . . er . . . now we'll do the nude shots ma'am.
NUDE SHOTS?
The Chairman would wish it.


The Chairman!
May the old bastard wither and shrink!
click-click-click
Wh-Why are you closing the blinds, Dougherty?
I didn't think you'd want to spoil your Threadneedle Street cred with the stockbrokers across the road, ma'am.
Perhaps I've been wrong not to co-operate more fully.
Well, you can start co-operating now, can't you ma'am?
Oh, **very** nice!


Would the Chairman like **this?**
May he live and thrive long enough to enjoy it to the full!
Which newspaper are these photos for? Is it the 'Financial Times'?
No, ma'am.
The **topless** shots are for **page three . . .**
!


WHA-A-A-AT?
. . . The **rest** are for the **Chairman's personal scrap-book!**
I'm sorry I ever took the Managing Director's job, and I hope both you and the Chairman rot in hell!
click-click-click
Tell the doddering old lecher I've **resigned!**
?
Er . . . Why isn't the boss wearing her clothes?
She's an **exhibitionist.**
She'd do **anything** for a little publicity.
Cor! I wonder if she'd let **me** publicise her?

FROM LACE TO LATEX



Stockings and suspenders. The mere mention of them can send some men into paroxysms of lust and delight. But if you actually stop and think about them they're incredibly strange adornments which have, thanks to us men, achieved an almost mythical sexual power over the years. That infamous nylon fetishist TED POLHEMUS popped into his Pretty Polly's to give us an overview of stocks and suspies.

Down my local on a Sunday lunch time it used to be that you could see a couple of strippers get 'em off. A loveable, chubby disc jockey named Jimmy would try to wake everyone up with some pleasantly ancient rock and roll but usually, despite his best efforts, we would just stare into our beer trying to remember what we'd been up to the night before. Even Jimmy's announcements that so and so the stripper was about to do her stuff would rarely get us up off our bums. *Unless*, of course, he would breath deeply into the microphone the magic words 'STOCKINGS AND SUSPEND-DERS'. Suddenly we zombies would rise from the dead.

Being as stockings, suspenders and strip-tease go together like egg, chips and heartburn, you might think that it was some stripper who invented these fine garments. Not so. Apparently they date back to ancient Egyptian times, when cool night breezes wafting across the Nile induced the girls to cover their legs in loose-fitting but see-through stockings which were held up with a sort of suspender belt. Clever those ancient Egyptians.

When the Romans took over, stockings and suspenders seem to have disappeared quicker than Cleopatra's asp. Like the secret of the Sphinx this disappearance of what was so obviously a damn good idea remains a mystery. Roman courtesans instead invented the garter which was often decorated with jewels and which was tied above the knee. This was, however, actually a rather strange invention given that they had no stockings to hold up with their garters.

It wasn't until Medieval times that stockings came back into fashion. These had been introduced by the barbarian hordes from the north. Suddenly everyone realized that these garters that the hookers had been wearing would do very nicely at holding up the barbarian stockings (rather as if someone in the 19th century had invented the steering wheel and it was only when the car came along that a use was found for it). Now that they had some purpose in life, garters really came into their own. Indeed, it has been suggested that they were the first fetish — an object which is a turn on even on its own. Which would suggest that there were nights of the garter as well as *Knights* of the Garter.

As their presence in our modern day marriage ceremony demonstrates, garters retained their erotic significance after the Middle Ages. In the 17th century there was a craze for paintings which showed young women on swings and on horseback, their skirts ruffled and raised sufficiently to reveal a bit of their brightly coloured garters (usually decorated with ribbons, precious stones and enamelled buckles). These paintings were considered to be terribly scandalous but strangely enough, artists kept on painting them. After the French Revolution even more outrage was caused by the fashion for see-through dresses, which gave the passer-by not only a glimpse of flesh, but even more outrageously, a sight of brightly coloured garters. The girls who wore these fashions were known as 'Wonderful Women' and you can see why!

Within stockings, the big news was the introduction of Oriental worm excreta — or silk as it's known in the trade. In 1566 Queen Elizabeth I was given a pair of knitted silk stockings as a gift, and she was well pleased. As she put it, 'I like silke stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, and henceforth I will weare no more cloth stockings.' Full marks to Elizabeth I. When someone tried to present a pair of silk stockings to the Queen of Spain he was rebuffed with the statement 'The Queen of Spain has no legs', on the grounds that legs were too erotic for royalty.

The only trouble with silk stockings was that, as you can imagine, it took a fuck of a long time to knit a pair. In 1589 an impoverished parson named William Lee invented a machine for knitting silk stockings but Elizabeth I feared that this would put the hand knitters out of work and refused him a patent. Lee took his contraption to France and thereby began the brain drain.

It wasn't until the 1920s that a substitute for silk — rayon — came along but unfortunately it didn't cling to the legs very well, tended to fall down and gave a baggy appearance around the knees. Rayon had been discovered by the Du Pont company, and in the 1930s they invested some 27 million dollars into finding something better. It was a team lead by a Dr Carothers who discovered that extremely strong treacle-like fibres could be drawn from a gluttonous blob of linear polymers made from carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. They called the stuff Nylon and it changed the world.

"Have you ever tried to make it with a girl wearing tights? Tights are the world's foremost contraceptive!"

It changed stockings (which hence forth would be known as 'nylons'), it transformed underwear as we know it and there are even those who maintain that it won the 2nd World War. Everything from parachutes to tents were made out of the stuff and it gave the Allies a crucial edge over the Japanese and the Germans. Unfortunately, however, this meant that there was little of the stuff around for making stockings. Clever Yankee soldiers who had had the foresight to bring a few pairs to Britain were very popular with the ladies. British women who couldn't or wouldn't play ball with the GIs went without anything on their legs — painting lines down the back of their thighs to look like seams.

And what about suspender belts, I hear you ask. As I've said, the ancient Egyptians invented the things but then they disappeared with the Pharaohs. Nothing was seen of this wondrous invention until 1876 when the Grand Opera Bouffe performed at the Alhambra Theatre in Leicester Square. The French dancers came on with 'naked thighs with suspenders stretched across them to keep up the stockings'. Of their performance we know little. Their newfangled stocking supporters, however, became the talk of the town. Within two years the women of Britain had taken to suspenders in a big way. Before long, however, the idea of wearing a belt around the waist was forgotten and the elastic suspenders were attached to corsets. This had two advantages: It held up your stockings and it pulled down your corset.

This was hunky dory until the 1920s when the corset itself was given the old heave ho. How then to hold up your stockings? Some women returned to wearing garters. Some took to simply rolling their stockings at the top. Some even bought brassieres with huge suspenders which went down all the way to their stocking tops. And some took to wearing suspender belts. One way or other the stockings were made to defy gravity, and all was well with the world . . .

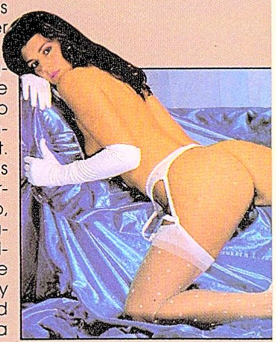
Tights weren't invented in the '60s. Way back in Shakespearian times men wore them (made from cloth cut 'on the bias' to give them stretchability). Ballet dancers of both sexes wore them on stage from the beginning of the 20th century. In the 1950s tights were reintroduced for women for everyday use but, while warm, they were thick and nasty and didn't catch on. But when in the '60s, mini skirts crept further and further up the thigh (and technological advances meant that tights could be made of a thinner fabric) stockings and suspenders finally bit the dust.

"Where once these garments had been seen as practical, they could now be seen as a symbol of erotic intent."

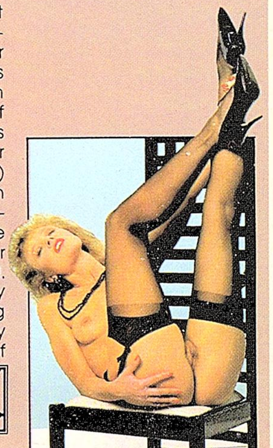
Let us pause for just a moment to consider the difference between stockings and tights. There are problems with holding up stockings. Tights are warm and, so I'm told, comfortable. There is one problem however. Have you ever tried to make it with a girl wearing tights? Yes, you've got it in one: Tights are the world's foremost contraceptive. Not only that, as Prudence Glynn in her book *Skin to Skin: Eroticism in Dress* puts it so well, tights are a voyeur's nightmare: 'Voyeurs, who imagined that women were silly enough to give all away at once, peered up escalators only to find that while under a long skirt women were prepared to wear stockings and frilly panties, the moment that skirts rocketed upwards in tune with the new technology, tights were born; all you could hope for was a peek of a wrinkled gusset' (George Allen & Unwin, 1982, London).

But our story doesn't have a sad ending. Whilst throughout the '60s and early '70s it looked like stockings and suspenders had gone the way of the dodo, they suddenly started to make a come back in the mid '70s. And where these garments had once been seen as practical and necessary, they could now be seen as a symbol of erotic intent. Suddenly, ironically thanks to the popularity of tights, a woman wearing a suspender belt or garters wasn't just wearing them to hold up her leg coverings, she was wearing them out of choice as a blatant banner of her sexuality.

Someone once suggested that a statue should be erected to commemorate the inventor of the suspender belt. I'll drink to that, but let us also praise those wonderful women of today who, if only on special occasions, ignore the practicality of tights and choose instead to turn us on by wearing stockings and suspenders. Let's have a toast too, to all those manufacturers who produce these wonderful garments. Today you can get stockings made of everything from silk to rubber and suspender belts made of everything from satin to PVC. Millions of men buy these things as presents (actually for themselves, lets fact it) and retailers complain that a depressing percentage of these are promptly exchanged for something more practical.



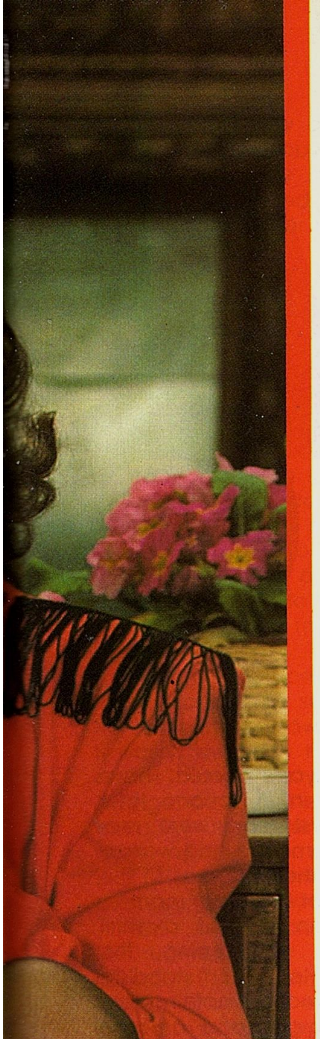
The strippers and Jimmy the disc jockey have long ago departed from my local but the memory of Sunday lunchtime 'stock-ings and sus-pend-ers' lives on. Cheers!



Debbie

I don't know, that Albert Hall isn't half a lad. He pops round with Debbie to visit a friend, and as soon as the friend nips out to stick the kettle on, Albie immediately starts a glamour shoot in his front room. It's a sick, crazy world. I'm lucky if my visitors even stay for coffee, never mind giving me the free floor show!

Photographed by ALBERT "On The Ball" HALL



It Happened To Me

This is where you ladies get to tell us exactly what you've been up to, who with, and how many times! It Happened To Me is just for the girls, and for every true confession we print, we'll pay a whacking £50! Send your sex confessions to I.H.T.M., Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

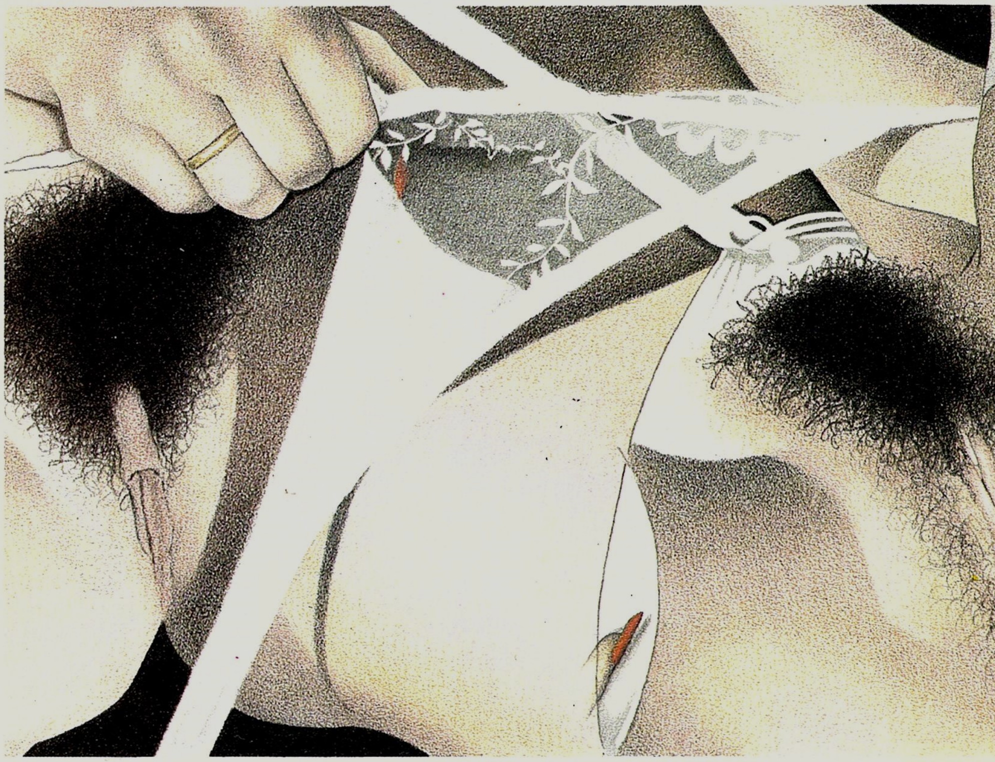
Happy Fuckin' Birthday

My mate Sharron had really been down in the dumps in the days leading up to her 21st birthday. Nothing seemed to be going right. She had just split up with ther long term boyfriend. Then she missed out on promotion at work. Understandably she was in a sorry state. "I've not been fucked for a whole month," she moaned one night. That did it. I knew something had to be done to cheer her up. Whatismore, I knew just the person who'd oblige.

It was the day of her birthday and Sharron left work as miserable as ever. Not one card. Not one measily card. Nobody had even remembered what day it was. Perhaps because it was the day prior to the managing director's visit and everybody was rushing around in circles, too busy to take notice of Sharron. She just said nothing and sat at her word processor in silent frustration. She was not looking forward to going home to her cold empty flat, to sit in front of a TV. Little did she know what I had arranged for her!

Sharron lived in a one bedroom flat that wasn't in the best state of repair. Chipped grey paint, dampness and rotting window frames were the depressing features of this dump. I walked her home that night and could see the surprise on her face as she realised that her front door was already open. She thought that she'd left it open and chastised herself for being so careless. After all, anyone could have walked in. A second later her worst fears were realised, someone had walked in and there he was in the corner of her living room.

Sharron let out a shrill scream on seeing the man. He was standing there wearing nothing but a wide grin and a large cardboard box. The box had pink and blue candy stripes and was tied with a large ribbon and bow. It covered his body from neck to knees and from what Sharron could see, he



had not got any clothes underneath. "Happy birthday Sharron," the man in the box annonced cheerfully, the grin never leaving his face, "I am a special delivery 21st birthday present. Yours for the evening to do with what you like. I hope you have a good time, my aim is to please and your wish in my command."

"She cried with delight at the strength of the stranger's prick."

Sharron was speechless for a couple of seconds, not believing her own eyes. It wasn't everyday that she came home to find a strange man in her living room. Although she calmed down when she realised that the whole thing had been sorted out by me.

"Well, aren't you going to unwrap me then?" asked the man. She began to untie the ribbon and the box collapsed to the floor. Out stepped the guy . . . completely nude. He stood there, his long sinewy body awaiting her touch. His penis slowly became erect.

Before the action started, I stripped off completely, discarding my shoes, panties, bra etc. I sat myself in the armchair to observe the oncoming scene. I was becoming very wet. Although this was to be essentially Sharron's scene, I was the instigator and now I was going to play my part fully as a sort of participating voyeur! I reached over to my bag and pulled out a huge 12 inch dildo. The sight and feel of the monster made the juice come dribbling out of my hole. It started to flow down the insides of my widely spread thighs. I hoped that it wouldn't stain the sofa. I looked up . . .

"Soon it would be time to force the long cock into my waiting cunt."

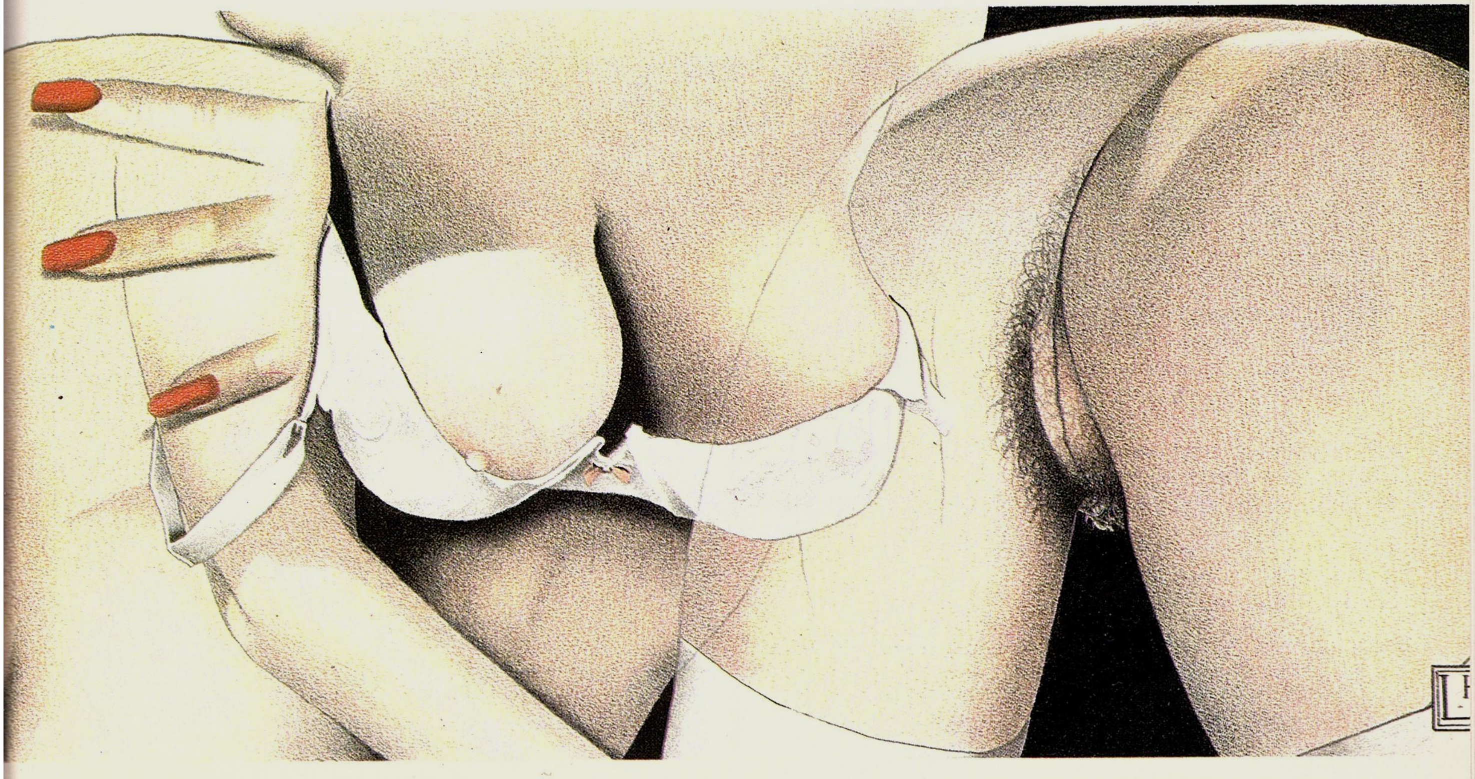
The man took Sharron's trembling hands and placed them around his erect organ. She gazed at her own fingers as they tightened around his stiff penis and watched as they did what came naturally. Her deft digits wanked the guy slowly. Adoringly she pulled his floppy foreskin backwards and forwards.

I rubbed the head of the dildo over my swollen cunt lips. More blood rushed to them and they became redder and redder. My God, the fuck-hole that they covered was aching to be filled. But I was determined to wait. My fingers touched my clitoris and it tingled with delight.

"With the dildo still embedded in my cunt I crawled over to kiss them both."

Suddenly Sharron felt an incredible urge to have the guy's meaty organ in her mouth. It had been so long since she had this and she was scared. But the guy put his hands on her head and forced her down. Her confidence grew and she sank down to her knees, level with his organ. She parted her lips to enable to cock to enter her delicious gob. As he slid in and out, her mouth worked on every inch of his elongated tool. Her tongue tasted the salty flavour of his manhood. She enjoyed feeling the male member so close to her face and how it tasted as she rolled it over her tongue. She wanted him to climax inside her mouth so she could relish the taste of his sperm.

"I want to make you come," Sharron exclaimed, grasping the man's youthfully tight buttocks and pushing him down into her throat even further. She held him there, her face pressed against his stomach while she sucked frantically at his swollen member. The man began to grind the lower part of his body and clasped his hands to Sharron's bowed head, unintentionally covering her ears so that all she



It Happened To Me

could hear was the sound of her own lust. Even the man's loud moans were barely audible. Sharron was in an unfamiliar dream world where all that exisited was the pleasure inside her mouth.

She felt the Godlike knob give a few quick thrusts and a second later he grasped her head even more tightly. He forced every possible millimetre of his penis down her accomodating throat. For a moment she held his sperm in her mouth, enjoying its flavour, rolling it around on her tongue and licking if off her lips. Then I saw her Adam's apple bob up and down as she swallowed the thick, fertile jism.

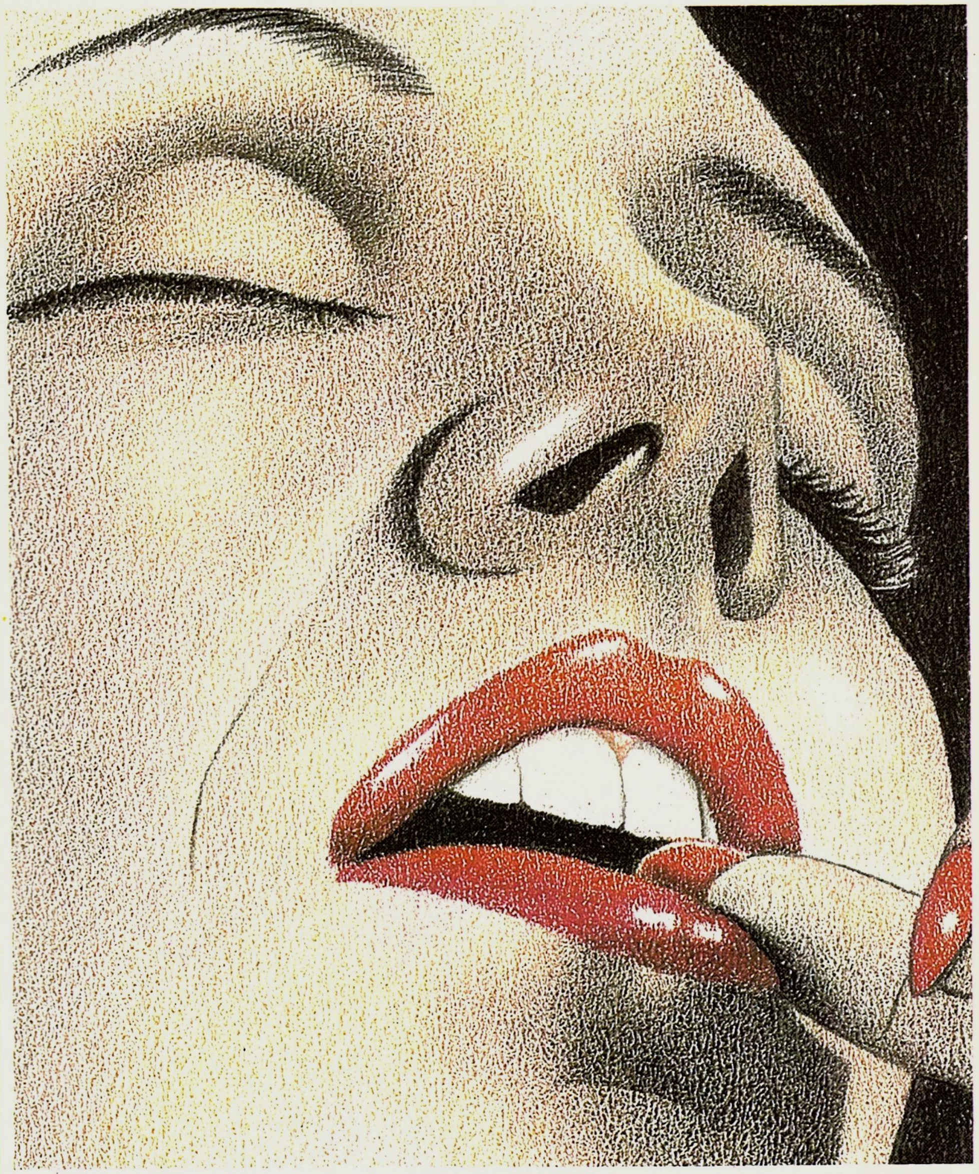
My own juice was beginning to spurt out of my hole. I moved the monsterous dildo around the inside of my outer cunt lips. My clit just grew and grew. With my other hand I pulled at my nipples fiercly. They grew red and large. I roughly mauled my own tit. Soon it would be time to force the big cock into my waiting crack.

Sharron and the man were now on the carpet. They kissed savagely. The man felt for her breast and she helped him by unbuttoning her silk blouse. Pretty soon she was stripped down to her bra and panties. She lay there as her stud ran his fingers over her body. This sent a marvellous sensation through her veins and she shivered with excitment and anticipation. Carefully and expertly, he took off her bra and kissed each rosy nipple in turn, handling Sharron as though she were a china doll.

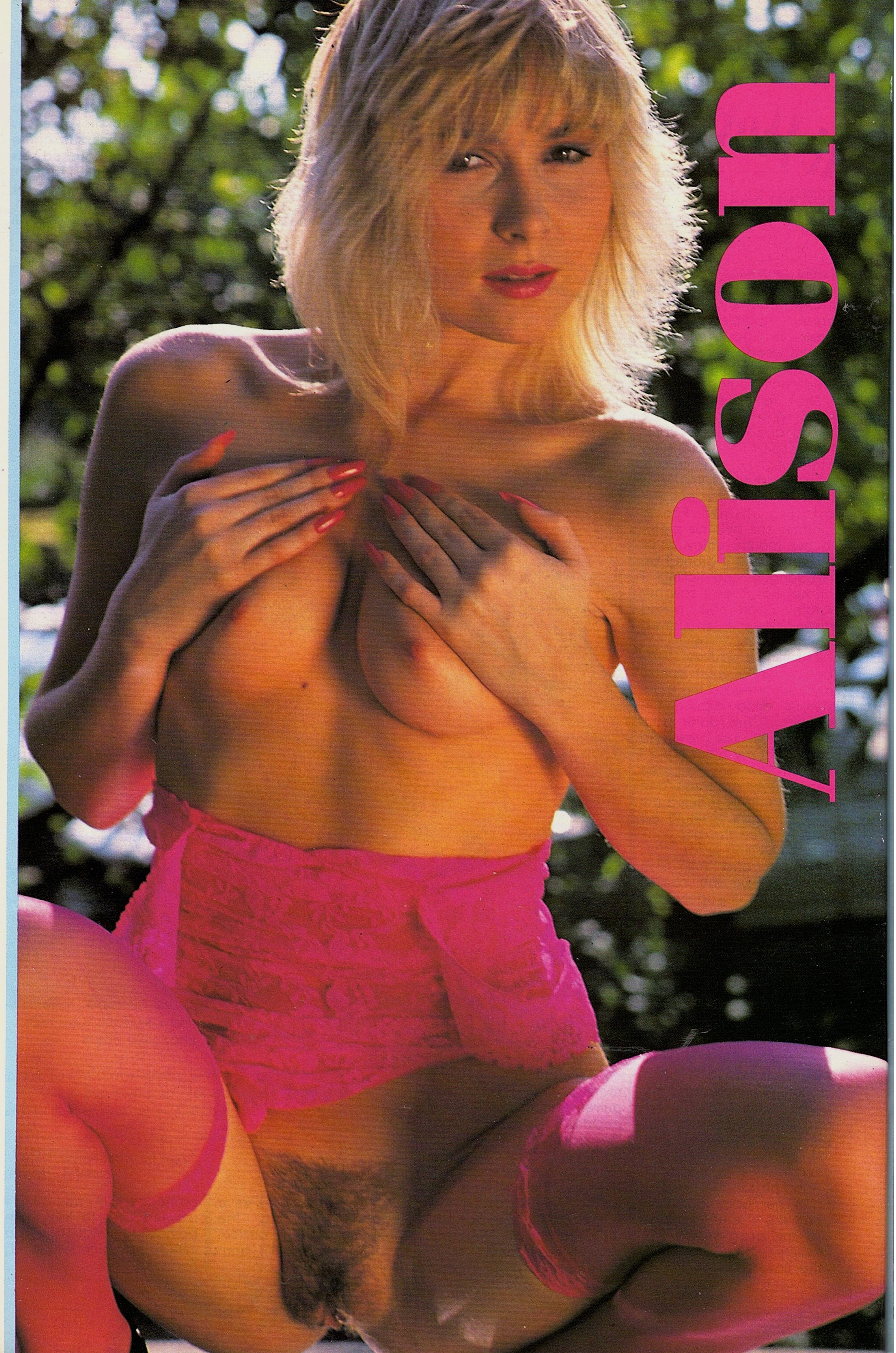
Then his tongue travelled down her body and only when she was fully droused did he drag down her knickers. Sharron's juices were flowing as heavily as mine. I could see them on her thighs. The man's fingers touched her most intimate part and I saw her quiver. Parting her lips, he decided to treat her to what she done to him. He lowered his head and gave her a damn good licking. That was the first time she came, shuddering in ecstacy as his tongue attacked her clit. "Fuck me now!" she pleaded.

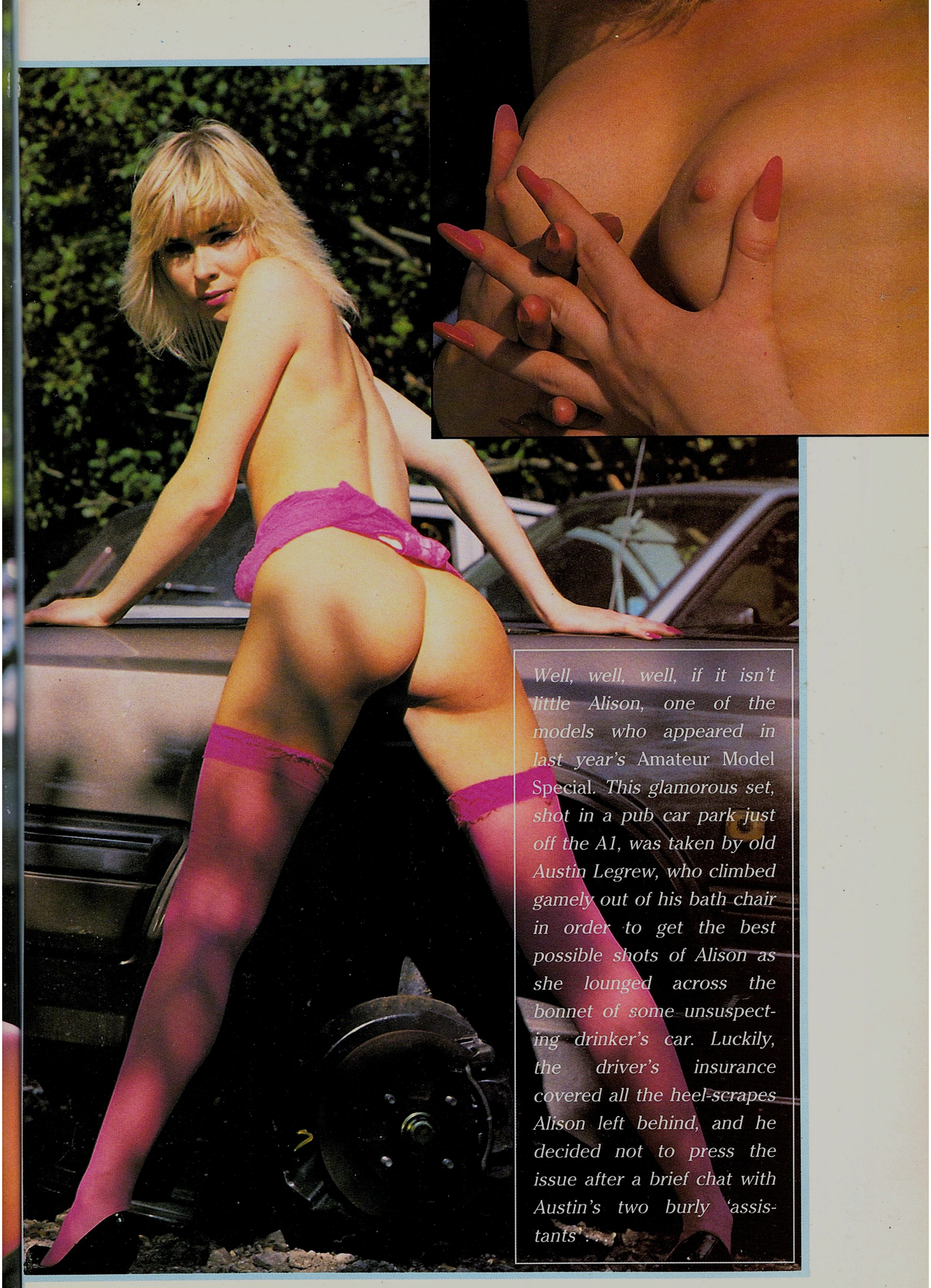
He was stiff again and had no trouble in complying with her wish. Quickly and brutally he threw himself above her and in one swift moment he was inside her. As his long cock entered her hole, I forced the dildo up own own snatch. I matched strokes with him. When he put her on her knees for a doggy-fuck, I did the same. Burying the artifical knob into myself from behind.

She cried with delight at the strength of the stranger's prick. After a couple more strokes of his rock hard cock she came profusely. He gushed his seed into her grateful fanny and I screamed blue murder at my own orgasm. With the dildo still embedded in my cunt I crawled over to kiss them both and to wish Sharron a very happy birthday. — *M., Scotland.*



"Then I saw her Adam's apple bob up and down as she swallowed the thick, fertile jism."


Alison



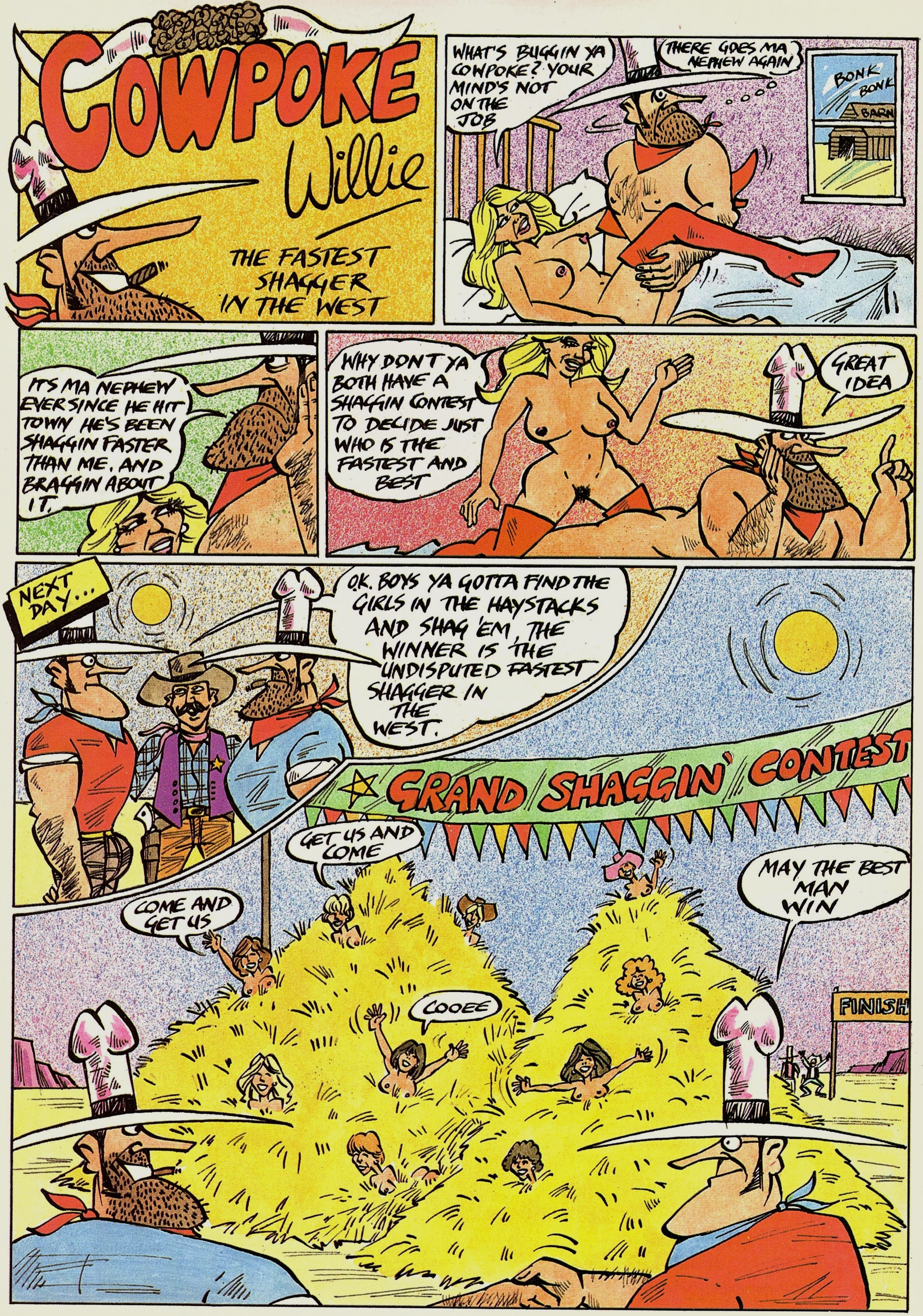
Well, well, well, if it isn't little Alison, one of the models who appeared in last year's Amateur Model Special. *This glamorous set, shot in a pub car park just off the A1, was taken by old Austin Legrew, who climbed gamely out of his bath chair in order to get the best possible shots of Alison as she lounged across the bonnet of some unsuspecting drinker's car. Luckily, the driver's insurance covered all the heel-scrapes Alison left behind, and he decided not to press the issue after a brief chat with Austin's two burly 'assistants'...*

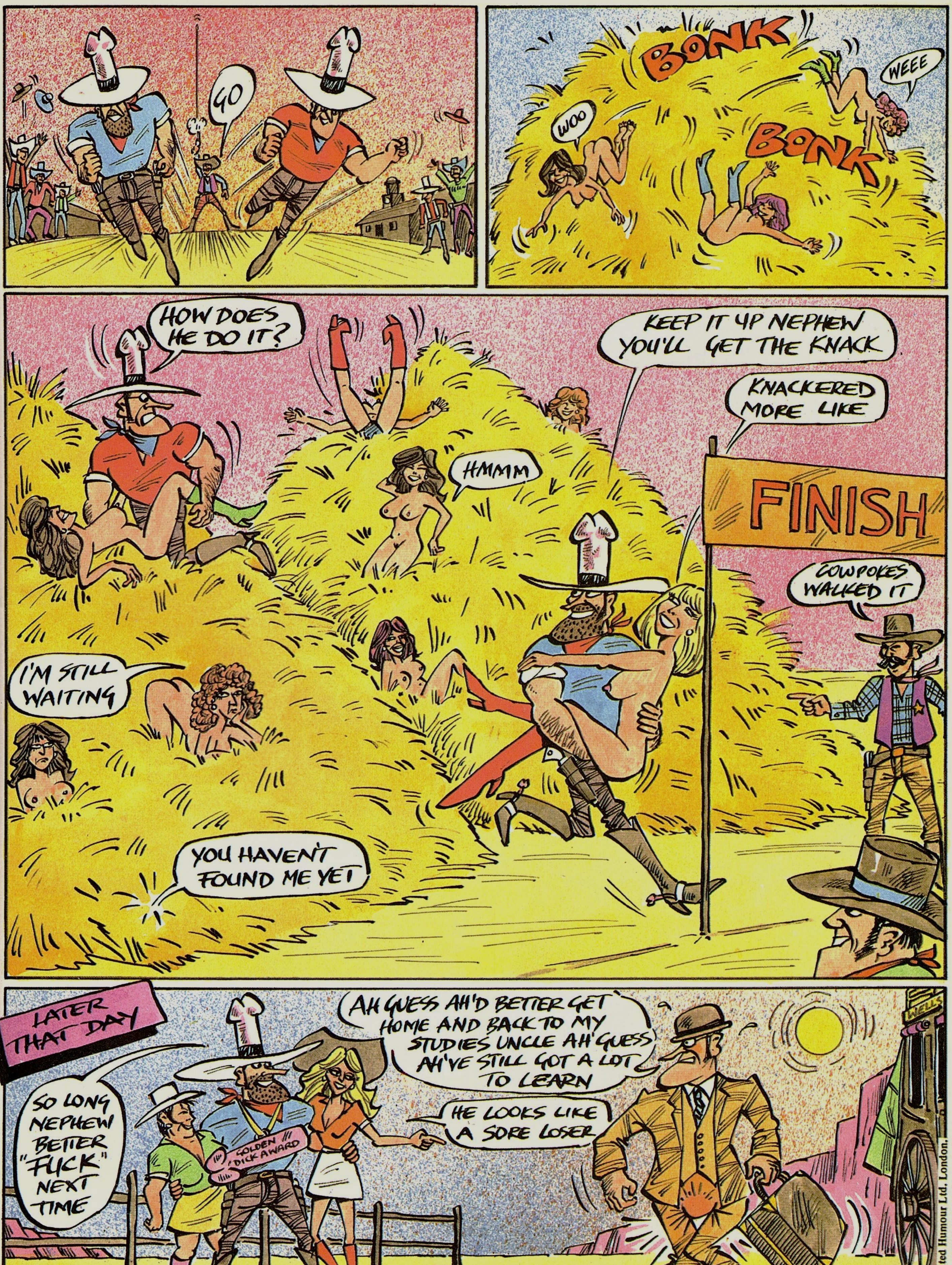
Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

Karen

Mr. Heard, the Fiesta supremo, came in today. We were shocked. He'd been missing for quite a while and we all feared the worst. However, there he was, large as life and twice as smelly. "Hello lads," he uttered, holding up a set of photos, "I've been looking for the perfect femme fatale, the epitome of class, the sort of woman you could introduce to your parents." We took his pictures, threw them in the bin and showed him these shots of Karen. "Yikes," he said, "mum wouldn't have to serve any crumpet if I took her home for tea." Yes, but no doubt Mr. H. would get plenty of muffin.

Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR


COWPOKE Willie
THE FASTEST SHAGGER IN THE WEST
WHAT'S BUGGIN YA COWPOKE? YOUR MIND'S NOT ON THE JOB
THERE GOES MA NEPHEW AGAIN
BONK BONK
BARN
ITS MA NEPHEW EVER SINCE HE HIT TOWN HE'S BEEN SHAGGIN FASTER THAN ME, AND BRAGGIN ABOUT IT.
WHY DONT YA BOTH HAVE A SHAGGIN CONTEST TO DECIDE JUST WHO IS THE FASTEST AND BEST
GREAT IDEA
NEXT DAY...
O.K. BOYS YA GOTTA FIND THE GIRLS IN THE HAYSTACKS AND SHAG 'EM, THE WINNER IS THE UNDISPUTED FASTEST SHAGGER IN THE WEST.
GRAND SHAGGIN' CONTEST
GET US AND COME
COME AND GET US
COOEE
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN
FINISH


GO
BONK
WOO
WEEE
BONK
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
KEEP IT UP NEPHEW YOU'LL GET THE KNACK
KNACKERED MORE LIKE
HMMM
FINISH
COWPOKES WALKED IT
I'M STILL WAITING
YOU HAVEN'T FOUND ME YET
LATER THAT DAY
AH GUESS AH'D BETTER GET HOME AND BACK TO MY STUDIES UNCLE AH'GUESS AH'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN
SO LONG NEPHEW BETTER "FUCK" NEXT TIME
GOLDEN DICK AWARD
HE LOOKS LIKE A SORE LOSER
WELLS
No. 11
Clive Walker

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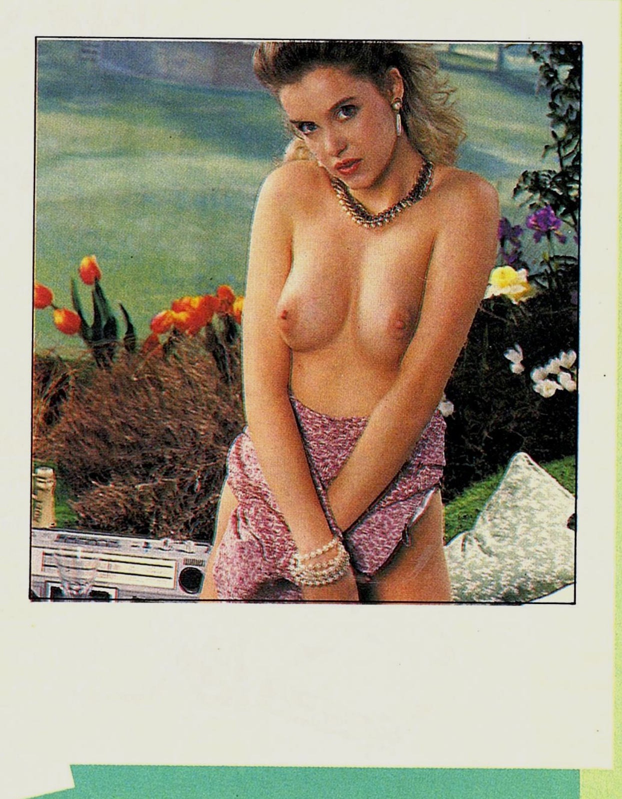
My First Time

Everyone remembers their first times. Whether it's the first time they got drunk, had sex, whatever, it sticks in the mind. But what about models? They all have a first time, too. And that's where Knave comes in. If you have a secret passion to become a model, then why not enter 'My First Time' and make it happen!

Perry



All you need to do is send us at least three nude polaroids or prints of yourself, along with the entry form, and we take it from there. Who knows, your 'first time' as a model might be just around the corner!

Munching on the last of the season's strawberries, Perry struggles to cling onto the last vestiges of summer. But too well she knows that autumn, and then winter are only just around the corner. So there's just enough time for her to whip off her kit and give us an eyeful before the early frost nips things in the bud . . .

Photographed by FRANK LEE

MODELS WANTED!

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date Photos Taken ....

Signature ....

Send to: K.A.M.F., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premiers a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!

Got a nasty itch in your nethers and can't reach it? Partner not coming up to scratch? Fear of the opposite sex? Fear of the sex right next to you? We've got the perfect solution. BETTE NOIR, Knave's own sexual paracetamol will kiss it better . . .

What's YOUR PROBLEM?!

Q: My girlfriend and I have been going out for over a year. She was a virgin, and I almost was. At first we made love very often. But after six months, during one session I got a bit rough with my fingers and, in her words, I split her open. This she said was painful. This pain was around the bottom of her vagina. I felt it with my tongue and it was a patch of rough-feeling skin. Pressure doesn't hurt but my entering her does. This pain lead to less sex — one night a week . . . but she demands it several times on this one night, because she still has the same sex drive. By the end of the evening it hurts again — so no sex for another week! She won't go to a doctor. How can I help? The rest of the time I masturbate. So when I have sex after I orgasm once I have problems regaining my erection. Should I cut down on my masturbating? How do I cure my frustration? We are both 18. — Andrew, Cheshire.

A: Dear boy, you *must* have been a bit carried away! Make sure your fingernails are trimmed, too! Her body ain't a peach, dear. It also makes me sad and just a trifle annoyed when someone repsects her body, her health, her sexuality and your relationship so little that she won't see a doctor! If she's put off by her GP, escort her, cajole her, dope and drag her to a woman's clinic, like Marie Stopes, or the Brook Advisory. Chances are you didn't give her enough time to heal – but pain after six months, whether real or out of fear, should be taken care of. It also makes little sense to have several sessions for a vulnerable area on one night. Once or twice spread over a week would be easier on her body. (No wonder "it hurts again"!) She wasn't experienced, and she's been hurt. There's fear there, whether she realises it or not. With more pain after each session, no wonder your excitement's being dampened. And caution isn't helping your erection, either. Masturbate away (if it helps, cool it before you hop in the sack at night), even out the schedule, give her both gentleness and time to build up her trust and tissues (try masturbating each other or make it an evening or oral passion, now and then) – and get her checked out.

Q: How much and how fast does a man ejaculate? — J.J., Rome.

A: And losing sleep over that, eh? Well, it's official! 28 miles per hour, so they say. Can you imagine trying to figure *that* out? Would have loved to be there. The quality varies wildly, of course, according to how many orgasms (and how long since) went previously. Say, an average of a teaspoon. A lot of fuss over the centuries over that dropperful!

Q: How can I keep sex from being so messy! I'm a neatness freak. — P.M., Essex.

A: Keep a fluffy towel and a warm washcloth by the bed. (or use baby wipes. Don't laugh – they might be cold but they smell great and are nice and convenient. And everyone loves to be babied!) Make sure your condom has a good reservior tip. Lick each other all over. (Very nice. I'm not called cat-face for nothin'.) Run a hot scented bath before the fun – it'll be the right temperature to take a running jump in afterwards. (For the two of you). Or shower together.

Q: What I find the most frustrating thing about my sex life with my boyfriend is, I always come sooner than he does (he hasn't minded that) — and I'd like us to be able to come together, so we can have the best sex we can. Help! — D.K., Mortlake.

A: Why you think that simultaneous orgasm is the "best sex" is beyond me! (Are you one of those couples who have their names on the car's windscreen?) I mean, they're great fun, but I'd hate to have them a lot of the time! You're hardly enjoying your partner's enjoyment when you're so busy having your own at the same time, and having your own by yourself lets you concentrate on your own needs and pleasures – you sort of have permission to ignore *his*, for the moment! Look, you know your own timing. Masturbate earlier and see if that doesn't slow you down until he catches up. But I'd forget the planning and see what happens spontaneously. You're more likely to crescendo *a deux* when you *stop* trying!

Q: I love sex with men, but I don't like to talk dirty. But I know that absolute silence is a real turn-off — and I love some conversation. But what to say? — Leslie, Rutland.

A: Lots, cookie. How good he makes you feel. How your body feels when he does this or that. (Elabourate.) What you love him to do to you. What you plan on doing to *him*. What's going on inside you. What you love about his body – his skin, his muscles, his mouth, his smell, etc. You could describe some fantasies where the two of you are making hot, passionate love. (I know a woman who has had her best lines from reading women's romantic ficiton – the torrid stuff.) As long as it's sincere, smooth or urgent or soft or sexy (preferably, all five) – that'll do nicely!

PENPOWER PLUS

◁ 51

his jacket for something he said, "Nice man, very nice." I guessed that he'd seen some of my pubic hair poking out of the side of my knickers. He took out a tape measure and measured my leg from ankle to thigh. The higher he moved, the more excited I got.

My knickers were getting wetter and wetter as I squirmed in my seat. As he wound the tape around my thigh, he brushed the lips of my cunt through my knickers. It was like an electric shock, tingling through my cunt deep into my belly. I practically jumped out of my seat. Again he murmured, "Nice, man, nice." He moved his hands further up my thighs and at last he got to the top. His fingers worked into my knickers and I lifted my bum from the seat to press my hot hole against his thick fingers.

The measuring for the splint was complete. Now he measured something else. My cunt was more than ready for anything – my knickers were soaking, and the juice ran down my legs as his hands worked away in my eager crack. I was squirming so much that he asked me if I wanted to move onto the examination table. I merely nodded. I was unable to speak because the first orgasm was rocking through my tormented body.

He gently lifted me onto the couch, his fingers entering my vagina even more deeply. Stretching it to the full and giving me another orgasm. As he lay on the table with his fingers still in me, my weight pressed them in even further. I reached for his zip and his giant spear sprang out. God, it was the biggest, most beautiful cock I'd seen. I pulled him close to me by his mahogany handle. It was oozing love juice, as was my own open cunt.

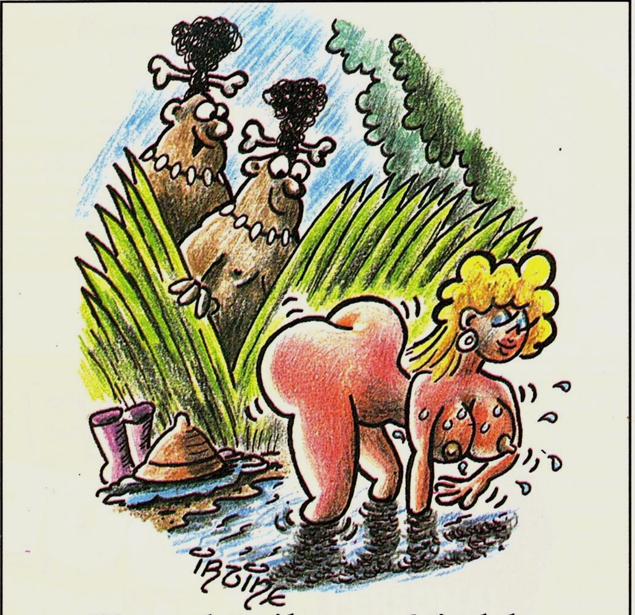
I licked the dew off it, a foretaste of the spunk to come. He pulled my knickers off and lifted me off the couch as if I were a sex toy. He still had one hand buried in my hole as he slid me down until I could feel his giant cock pressing against me. I urgently guided it into position, and suddenly his fingers were replaced by the giant spear, which I could hardly accomodate.

I put my legs around his torso and heaved myself up and down on the knob that filled me so firmly. I enjoyed the stretching of my cunt, that had only had a vibrator and my fingers in it over the past six months. Now at last a real cock was filling me – expanding it to a capacity that it hadn't experienced since childbirth.

My black angel then proceeded to bounce me up and down on his magnificant spear of joy. God, I thought he was going to rip me in half as he thrust into me again and again. He poked as far as he could up into my belly and filled my straining cunt with a massive wad of boiling hot spunk. As he withdrew his tool, such a big suction was created that we both came again.

His second lot of come actually hit me in the face, and I gratefully licked it off, wiping every bit off my face and fingers. I then slid back off him and he gave me his still hard cock to lick clean.

I've sampled spunk from every race of man, but this was the first Jamaican and he tasted best of all. My next appointment is in a week. I can't wait. – *C., London.*

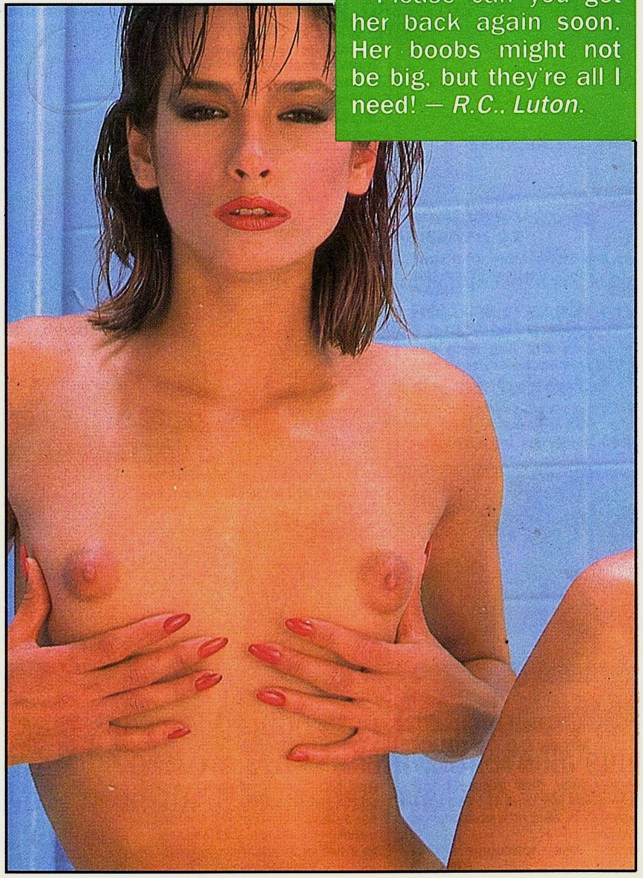


"I've got a better idea, son . . . let's take her home and eat your mother!"

Nipples From Heaven

Saw Eileen in the new issue and fainted when I came across her nipples. And you can take that statement any way you want to. I've never seen such lovely little strawberries before: so lickable and kissable. I could spend hours drooling over her breasts.

Please can you get her back again soon. Her boobs might not be big, but they're all I need! – *R.C., Luton.*



JOKER

A particularly delectable young lady arrived at a fancy dress ball wearing nothing but a body stocking which had as its pattern, a map of the world. A young man quickly went up to her and stared at the part of the map covering the area between her legs.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

The lad replied, "I'm just searching for my birth place."

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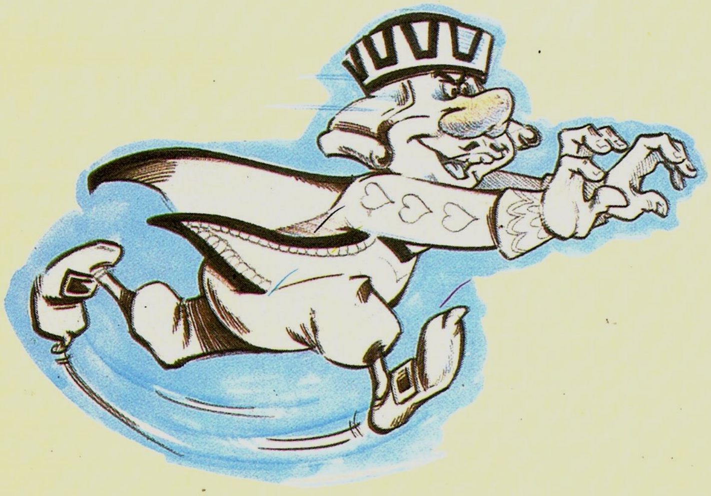

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